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Abstract

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Advertising Production Manager
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Interview

With Claude Taylor

After suffering through a year of steady criticism in the House of Commons, a public inquiry that concluded its executive had delayed, cavalier disregard of its own rules of business, and the resignation of its chief executive officer Yves Primeau, Air Canada has begun to settle down again under a new leader: Claude Taylor. 51, the airline's new president and chief executive officer, is a 6-foot man who began his career as a pilot agent in Montreal in 1945—when the people's airline was known as Trans-Canada Airlines—and worked his way up to the position of vice president for public affairs. His appointment to the top job in February was accompanied by the airline's employees' complete, surprise, even Conservative MPs who had been Air Canada's most vociferous critics. Environment Minister Jean Marchand (formerly transport minister) was reportedly pushing Pierre Des Marais, Mayor of Outremont and head of a Montreal printing firm for the job. Des Marais (in relation to Power Corp. president Paul Desmarais) is a director of Air Canada but has experience running an airline. That had been Pierre's problem (he was a Quebec City lawyer) so the government opted for Taylor and his 33 years of experience instead. Born in Selkirk, New Brunswick, and educated at McGill University, Taylor now must sell about the task of restoring the airline's internal morale and public prestige, both badly damaged during 34 years of troubles, and return Air Canada one of the world's 10 biggest airlines, a goal people speak of, but rarely respond to, estimated at \$12.5 billion, last year). It will be a formidable task but Taylor insists. *Hardly* *Hardly* *Hardly* is starting with a reputation of goodwill inside and outside the company. As a symbol of the new spirit of leadership, he always leaves his office door open. (Mr. Justice Wilfred Elgie, head of the commission of inquiry into Air Canada, had criticized the airline for a "serious lack of communication" at the top.) In a recent interview with *Maclean's*, Ottawa correspondent Len Ungarhaft, Taylor freely discussed a wide range of subjects, from rescuing air fares to the future of air travel to the unexplained payment of \$100,000 to Montreal travel agent Robert McGregor (which touched off the Eskey inquiry).



CANADIANS, BEING WHAT THEY ARE, LIKE TO BE CRITICAL OF ANYTHING CANADIAN

provenly well to be in and use the company at least break even, or even black in 1976 if that is as possible. I think part of that relates to the fact one I think the 20-200 employees in the company want to feel a sense of accomplishment of working for an airline that is going in the right direction.

Maclean's: Is it possible for any airline to make a profit?

Taylor: Oh, there will be airlines that make money. The U.S. carriers have been out, and they appear to be running around there and enjoying. Two or three of them are in real trouble in Canada, we had a 4-5% increase in '76 in terms of airline traffic growth. In '75 we had a modest growth. We think we have

external human resources factor of the airline. I think that has to be of permanent concern. They can be described in mobile communication, whatever you wish, but I'll be putting a lot of emphasis on it to give the people in the airline a feeling of identity. So that a very high priority. The second one of course is that we have come out of two years of deficits, the largest deficit in the corporation has ever had, and the

lowest in 1975. We're looking at the moment, for about 3% growth in '76. But we will not make substantial returns on investment. There's no question about that.

Maclean's: Is the airline in a position to offer the people you mentioned, it's a fact and that Yves Primeau was appointed because he was a francophone. It is a fact, in addition, that your appointment was opposed by some francophones in Ottawa because you're a bilingual francophone. Do you think that the fact that you are a bilingual anglophone will affect morale at all among the francophone employees at Air Canada?

Taylor: I have had no indication of this. I've been working around in the last few weeks, particularly in the Quebec region, and I have no indication that this would be a factor.

Maclean's: Are you taking French courses?

Taylor: I have in the past, but I'm not at the moment.

Maclean's: You don't think that linguistic differences matter to your employees that much?

Taylor: Oh, there's no question. I would say very much that I was formerly bilingual, or bilingual, for the matter. I'll had my life to live over again, and someone said "What would you do differently?" I would say "Nothing, really, except learn more languages."

Maclean's: Is Air Canada's public image not a growth for you as well? (It is not really threatened.)

Taylor: Yes, it is, and I would have gone on to a number of other projects. But I think the real reason why Air Canada's public image is troubled is largely because of some misconceptions. We have a better communications job to do. But the first thing we have to do is to build confidence in our employees. I think a lot of what the public thinks is wrong about the airline is that our employees display to the customer. And if the employee is positive, if he's feeling good about his corporation, whether it's Air Canada or some other, if he's positive in terms of his commitment, his attitude, then, of course, this helps build confidence in the customer as well. We have to start with our employees. By starting with our employees we will build confidence with our customers.

Maclean's: Are you saying that in the past you've employed him but don't think you're such your customers?

Taylor: In the past your employees have been under severe attack along with the company, and I don't think there's any question people being human—the two



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Maclean's: What do you see as your major challenge in taking over Air Canada?

Taylor: Number one of course, because of the period that we've been through is the

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windmilled itself on concrete into perhaps less than desirable stone. Having said that, I have absolute confidence that we've got some of the best people in the world working for this airline. That's one thing that I'm sure of, and that is that we have good people.

Mackenzie: Is it not a fact that Air Canada is often attacked because, as a government-owned corporation, it's said to be a whipping boy?

Tapscott: Oh yes, we have that cross to bear. There's no question about it. It's the people's airline. And Canadians, being what they are, like to be in control of anything Canadian. I think we all had more pride in that than Canada. Being a Crown corporation, we're everybody's favorite whipping boy. We get thousands and thousands of letters every year about a private corporation would never get, simply because a very nice something happens in a customer he feels quite entitled, as a shareholder, to write and suggest to us what we ought to be doing. There's a cross that we will always have to bear. But it's just another challenge. If you're going to work for an airline that does, you've got to be prepared to accept that.

Mackenzie: Would you like to see some change of Air Canada said by the government to the public?

Tapscott: Yes, I would. There's no question. I think it's fair to say that we're a provision in legislation to protect this. Of course, that's not true. Suppose you get the airline on a relatively profitable basis, because people generally are not going to buy shares in a company that's losing money. **Mackenzie:** It's not one a long way off?

Tapscott: It's understood there's going to be some legislation in this year, and we would hope that the provision will be there for the sale of some shares to the public.

Mackenzie: Let's get back to the internal workings of the company. You're said to be a people-oriented person, in spite of denunciations of denunciations, denunciations of authority. Is that correct?

Tapscott: I would find myself on the side of those who say that each job, each position in the company, should be as whole as possible. In other words, if you can delegate the responsibility, you should do it. In an airline there's no way that to be in control and responsible for the product is a general rule. You can't let everybody across the system through his own schedule. But if you have confidence in your people then I think you should give them as much authority as absolutely possible, providing you're on the proper side of the decision-making where they're getting off.

Mackenzie: Surely one of the problems with the payment of \$100,000 to Bob McGregor was that there was not enough consultation, not enough control. But would you make sure that something like that doesn't happen again?

Tapscott: If you're talking about a billion-dollar corporation, which is what we are with 30,000 employees, there's no way that

you are ever going to have all the controls that will prohibit, in advance, every bad decision from being made. I would be totally against any system of controls that would stop in advance every possible bad decision from being made. You've got to accept, as a corporation of this size, some decisions that are going to be made that aren't going to be right.

Mackenzie: Mr. Tapscott joined to a senior level of communication at the top, and he brought out you, among others, as being at the top. How do you feel about it?

Tapscott: I will obviously have a different style of management than anybody else. No two people have the same style of management. My own particular style of management is to have a fairly informal form of communication. I don't think you can

run a firm that has mismanagement, that anyone had personally or privately benefited in any way. In fact, the judge said in his decision that, for a corporation of this size, we're not efficient. I think the judge's inquiry was one of the points that you have when you are in the public arena, particularly in a Crown corporation, is a political ring. Certainly no private corporation would ever have to go through it. So, if you compare it to a private company, it was unjust and unfair.

Mackenzie: Let me depart from the past and talk about the present. Why has Air Canada moved to jets now?

Tapscott: Because costs are going up as a result of the airline costs in terms of fuel and in terms of labour costs. We have just run out of productivity improvements in terms of our equipment. This is what we lived on for many years in this industry, and we are having to play catch up really, on this respect. The two main-line Canadian airlines both lost money last year because we weren't recovering our costs in the price of our product. The airline thing that I think must be said is that airline prices are a double-edged sword, in the whole consumer price index. But the price of an airline fare in Canada today is a very good bargain, just half what they are in Europe. Ten or 12 years ago, if I took an average secretary's monthly salary to buy a ticket from Vancouver to Montreal, I'd be back. Today she can buy it on a week's salary. So I make no apologies for putting up airline prices, simply because I think we have held them down for too long. We're not giving the public in any way, and the prices that we're proposing are in line with the anti-inflation guidelines.

Mackenzie: Aren't fare increases self-defeating, in a sense? If you increase fares twice from people are going to fly and we're going to be more competitive.

Tapscott: That has been the history of this industry. If we don't put fares up we're going to lose more money. You have to start off with that premise, because we lost every last year. Costs are going up 10 to 12% this year. So if we don't put fares up we're going to lose more money. We're only forecasting a 5% increase in volume and we're still operating at loss factors higher than the American industry generally. If we were operating at 30% loss, I'd be for something like that. I think that there ought to be a point to our argument. That is a point where you can price yourself out of the market, that's no question about it, and we're worried about this very much particularly on the short haul.

Mackenzie: You've lost a lot of money on the short haul, particularly the Toronto-Montreal run, which is to a golden run for you. The fare hike that you've filed would expose a proportionately greater increase on the Toronto-Montreal run than on other runs across the country. Will Toronto-Montreal still lose money?

Tapscott: I wish I could answer that question at this point in time. For almost convinced

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structure communication in a large corporation. You can't do it in a general board of directors meeting. There are formal executive committee meetings that I would hope that we can build up a very informal, relaxed line of communication between branches, which people will walk in and out of each other's offices, including mine, and discuss matters as they are being formulated.

Mackenzie: Do you feel Mr. Prime was unfairly treated?

Tapscott: I think that Air Canada was under an unfair load much last year. Issues were blown totally out of proportion. After all the Easy commutation's 35 minutes and three minutes of inquiry there was absolutely no evidence that any of the corpora-



that last year we lost money on almost every route that we opened. We traditionally lose more money on the short-haul routes. I'm satisfied that, on the systems that you operate Toronto-Montreal, we are probably recovering our costs. But because we operate so much capacity through Montreal, both east and west, this is what brings the total route down. On the so-called Rapidway service, unlike the rest of routes we should actually recover our costs.

Maclean's: Let me turn to your trans-Atlantic route. You and British Airways fought hard to arrange an agreement with the Intercontinental Air Transport Association (IATA) to charge a chargeback on that route. Why does Air Canada refuse (it's a bit too much to get such an agreement)? Why are you just charging the rates you figure will compensate for the costs?

Taylor: Very simple. Because you can't. Forth in Canada are controlled by the Canadian Transport Commission. But once you decide to become an international operator, you do not have sovereign control over where you fly. If you're going to fly into Europe or the United Kingdom, the other country has to agree to allow you to fly and has to agree to the fares that are going to be charged. In other words, IATA is merely a vehicle, delegated by the governments of all the free world to carry out negotiations. You are dealing in an international situation over which you don't have control. Therefore, you must have compassion. We can't just kick out of IATA and decide to charge any fare we like.

Maclean's: So you wouldn't call IATA an international cartel?

Taylor: No, I wouldn't call it an international cartel, because an international cartel is when you and your partner in the cartel control the situation. All the airlines do sit together and try to make sure that all of their companies are treated fairly when it is in government, which very often falls down on its agreement. So it's still under the control of individual governments. IATA is nothing but a bureaucracy.

Maclean's: Let's return to the domestic route. The Gray, the new president of Air Canada, says that the present agreement holding it is a maximum of 25% of total capacity in the short-haul market. He also says that the flight of 45% of the total capacity is a flight of 45%. What do you think of that?

Taylor: I think that's a totally predictable position for Air Canada. If I were in their position, I would probably take it too. I would just look at the routes that you can make money on, the ones where you can really make money without any dispute. Toronto-Vancouver, Vancouver-Montreal, Calgary-Edmonton-Toronto (it presided over half of the capacity on these routes). In other words, their part of their total capacity is the ones where they're doing the Montreal-Toronto, the Toronto-Winnipeg, the Winnipeg-Regina, the Calgary-Edmonton-Vancouver. So Mr. Gray had some pretty profitable routes on the international. I think when the industry is in a trough, or is in a de-

clining position, it's the wrong time for any of us to be talking about changing status.

Maclean's: You're not sure it's more competitive yet?

Taylor: We've never been ahead of competitors. Anyplace that we've had to compete, whether it's Los Angeles or Miami or the Atlantic, we've never been ahead of our own. So I'm not the least bit afraid of competition. But in this country, let's face it, there are 20 million people. That's all there are, and there's only so much travel to be generated. And the U.S. carriers, over the last four or five years, have shown the great fallacy of over-competition. Where have they been charging up \$10-million, \$15-million, they've been charging up \$10, \$80, and \$100 million deficits, and largely because of overcapacity and over-competition and

into history in this industry and we've lost these sorts of fat periods. We're in a fat period now, technology-wise. We're sort of in the middle of technology at the moment, but there will be developments at both ends of technology. There will be developments beyond the H-119 and the 747s, both are more efficient airplanes and into faster airplanes. At the lower end there will be developments in jets. So I don't see the mode depressing at all. I don't think what happened to the railways in terms of passenger travel will happen to the airlines because I think the mode has got competitive possibilities in terms of technology. I think there will be some shifts, especially in the short-haul, in highways and so on, but forms of intercity take over from air on the short haul. Jets will serve high-density markets, but it won't serve the lower-density markets. There will have to be served by buses and perhaps even high-speed rail, or something like that. But in the high-density markets—I'm talking about the Montreal-Toronto corridor—or will always play a part.

Maclean's: Even if you can develop a route that can do it, is there demand?

Taylor: If you get a line that can do it in three hours, it depends on what the frequency of the line is. The thing that causes people to fly to Toronto and to Ottawa by Air Canada is the fact that the routes only go about twice a day, even though they do it in four hours and so many minutes. It's the frequency that most business people in high-density markets are buying today, and they'll pay a premium for it. In terms of long-distance travel, I don't think there's any question but that we will continue to be the dominant mode in long-distance passenger travel. There's just nothing else on the horizon.

Maclean's: One's where a problem, though, isn't it? The world is moving out of oil.

Taylor: This is true, but if you're going to move over a distance, the amount of fuel that you consume is in a linear relationship to how far you go. It's not a quadratic model. Per person, car-pooling, car or one of the most efficient ways to move people. **Maclean's:** I think you just made the point that air is not just the most efficient mode of transport, it's the most efficient mode that we have today. **Taylor:** I think, in terms of air, between here and Vancouver, it is not an efficient mode. And if you make the amount of energy that the world consumes relative to total energy consumed, it's not that bad. But it's less than 5%. So the airlines are not big energy users by comparison to power generation and all the other ways.

Maclean's: So we're a long way from seeing the death of the airplane?

Taylor: I hope that it doesn't die before I retire. No, I think we're a long way. I can't see the death of the airplane. Frankly, on my perspective down the tunnel.

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I'M CONVINCED THAT LAST YEAR WE LOST MONEY ON ALMOST EVERY ROUTE WE RAN

duplication. I think that we have to move very carefully in this whole question of Air Canada and Air Air and the regional carriers and the main-line competition across Canada. All I'm suggesting is that I'm willing to talk to anybody at any time about it, but my position is going to be one of avoiding such confusion.

Maclean's: What about the future of the airplane in this country and in the world?

Taylor: The years of petroleum use growth are behind us now. This year you are projecting just a 1% growth in traffic. Do you believe that air traffic growth will level off forever, or are you in a decline in the future, or will it pick up again at some point?

Taylor: I think we're all fairly optimistic that it will pick up again. You can go back

Letters

Too little about too much is often worse than nothing at all

Myra Kornish's *Memoirs Of The West* (April 19) describes a common trap of writers and editors. Trying to compress several years of informal conversation into 300 slick words may result in sharp prose, but the persons frequently misinterpreted by presenting their incompleteness of knowledge, impression and character as the main point.

Kornish's report that I turned down \$150,000 from the Alberta government in a case is good. In fact the Alberta Opportunity Company (AOC) is an autonomous Alberta Crown corporation with full discretion principally as a mortgage lender, stretched to policy and practice to offer a one-time loan to the film project on a last-in, first-out basis. For reasons that would take more than the 300 words you allocated the article to explain, this arrangement was not acceptable to the other investors, principally in the Canadian Film Development Corporation. I never did see how down the Alberta government. In fact, now it is still very much involved in the project but as an external investor.

Your article misleads the point that the development of *It's a Shame The Teacher* on a feature film represents a new and unique process. It's the first time that CTV Television Network has become involved in the production of a Canadian feature (not made for television) film. The collaboration of my company with CTV, Quadrant Films Ltd., The Canadian Film Development Corp., Famous Players Film Company, Amusements Film Distributors, Film House and a group of Alberta investors including John Humphrey, Dr. G. H. A. Brier, the Hulse brothers of Edmonton, and MacLab Enterprises is, for many reasons,

some a landmark in Canadian film history. Firstly and most importantly, Kornish notes the highly collaborative nature of the feature film industry. I am one of two producers. The other is CTV's Larry Waring who has worked with me through the entire process of putting together a complex financial partnership and a very promising film.

FRANK FRASER FILM LTD.
EDMONTON

Quite the contrary

I was greatly surprised to read the quotation in *Andie* and *The Murderer Angles* (April 19) that Ian Vigneaux attributed to me. The thrust of my conversation with this reporter when he phoned my office on March 19 was the exact opposite of what appears in *Andie*.

Several times in the course of the conversation I repeated that I did not believe that the *It's a Shame The Teacher* was going to be connected with a "ging up against French Canadians." The way I am quoted and the juxtaposition of my name with only one other Member—Social Credit Ron Macle, whose position in leadership and respect of Canada is far from being clearly established—lead me to consider the article insouciant and misleading.

WENDELLE BEGGS MP
PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY
TO THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE

The lady doesn't protect too much

Thanks for the kind and generous article *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle Rules A Newswoman* (April 18).

However, I am surprised at your choice of headline. Not all women rock cradles.

you know, I don't own one. I have nothing to put in one, and the only rocking I do is on a dance floor.

DONA HARVEY, MANAGING EDITOR
THE WINDFEST MAGAZINE, WINNIPEG

The will of business kindness

It is unfortunate that Macle's did not find out what La Locke League does before writing about it in *People* (April 19). Desirable men of policy clearly include "We do not encourage cronyism or campaigning." Our policy is to assist those mothers who come to us for information and encouragement with breastfeeding.

Not aware "horrified" when any mother wears her baby. This is a very personal decision and it is the role of La Locke League to support the nursing mother in whatever course of action she considers best for her baby.

MARGARET BUNNET ALDER
CO-ORDINATOR
LA LOCKE LEAGUE IN CANADA, TORONTO

Life is always sweet—in fact, it's glorious!

I was astounded by the Staples' ability to live so well on a take-home pay of \$13,000 per year as you report in *Life Is Sweet Life Is Sweet: A Tale Of Two Families* (April 19). It wondered why I couldn't do so well, so I began to add things up. Either the Staples or your reporter are pretty bad bookkeepers.

First, their basic expenses (mortgage, utilities, food, and loan repayment) add up to \$10,020—not \$9,500. Second, the hamburger on spaghetti twice a week (which would cost about \$16 per week) and the once-a-week dinner with friends (at \$56 a shirt) add up to a whopping \$3,436 per year. The total of all expenses (the basic \$10,020, the additional \$3,436 and the \$3,120 on eating out) add up to \$16,996. This is about \$4,000 more than Adeline Staples' total home.

Then several sizeable expenses are conspicuous by their absence: It seems that the Staples never encounter any repair costs to their house or their two cars. The \$1,900 for gasoline alone right now does not allow even for oil changes and tune-ups. What really surprises me is that the two children seem to be completely cost free, except for their share of the modest \$500 clothing allowance. Many parents must be chuckling over this omission. Also, what pays for those six-week vacations and three-day weekends? Surely not the \$600 yearly the Staples have allowed for recreation.

CLAUDIA HEBBERT LANGLEY, BC

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DATE OF BIRTH

Now that we've found Canadian culture what are we going to do with it?

Column by Martin Knelman

Critic Robert Fulford remarked recently that a generation of English-speaking Canadians grew up believing that the best and brightest would eventually graduate from Canada: real things happened else where. During the Forties and Fifties, this perception declined what happened—or rather what failed to happen—in Canadian culture. But in the Sixties the assumptions that Fulford and millions of others learned from Hollywood movies—that there was a right way of doing things—and it was generally the American way—began to be challenged. People started putting on their own plays in converted churches and warehouses. Small publishing houses began paying up kids who had dreamed of going to Hollywood went out instead and sold movies in their own neighborhoods.

Now we're at the second stage of development—becoming self-conscious and deciding what to do with what has finally started to happen. As Northrop Frye has observed, it has taken Canadians a long time to get imaginative control of their own space. In the traditional arts, Frye may be right in seeing this development as we were played flat, but in movies it is just beginning to happen. To create a pop mythology requires not just talent and money but something like an advertising man's self-promotional confidence—and that may be the definition of what Canadians have been laid.

How can one explain the fact that Canadians have been content to exist for most of the 70th century without films of their own while living next to a country whose movies have culturally colonized the whole world? Even now, the few good films produced in this country have to compete with American movies not only for play dates in the theaters but also for the publicity that makes people want to see them—which is more specifically television where it is generated through American television or American magazines. Last year Michel Brault's *Les Ordres*, an eloquent film about the October crisis, failed to draw audiences here even after being won a prize at Cannes. A major problem is that despite the federal government's commitment to finance film, it is infinitely more difficult to raise the money for a respectable project than for such exploitation trash as *The Fureur* (Baudouin and J. Savard) and *A Good Idea At The Time*. That's because the Canadian Film Development Corporation follows the model of the American Congressional industry—in the lowest end of the scale.

I don't think it was the railway that

allowed Canadians to get a grip on themselves, as Pierre Berton asserts in, or even the airplane, as Northrop Frye has suggested. What has given most of us an idea of being Canadian has been the CBC. But the CBC has never before in its history had the fantastic opportunity it has right now. Television is uniquely equipped to pick up the older arts and bring the energy of our most gifted writers, film makers and stage actors into our homes. Television alone has the power to give this talent a chance to reach the mass audience.

On the CBC's *The Great Canadian Culture Month*, the most startling series of the past season, Gordon Fraser decided that we weren't doing enough for the arts. Week after week, the cultural politicians seemed out a warning to the public that if we were going to survive as a country we would have to find our own cultural identity. In this climate, it becomes a patriotic duty to read Canadian books, watch Canadian movies and buy Canadian paintings. As for the final indulgence in the American culture, with which we've always been willingly deluged, what we have to do, we were told like children caught misbehaving, is to stop it.

And what are executives of the CBC itself actually doing while this warning message is going out across the land? Why, they're busy going to mass meetings where twenty-five paid speakers, over the latest ratings, which demonstrate (surprise, surprise) that more Canadians watch *Royal Dads* on CBC Canadian drama. The message is that the CBC is desperate for ratings—and will do almost anything to get them. It has its mouth watering *Preferment* and doing a police series instead, that's close with the brain.

The fact that *The Great Canadian Culture Month* got on the air as a sign that finally the arts have come up from under—making the breakthrough from a minority interest subject to a mass-audience subject, debated in living rooms all over the country on prime time on Wednesday night. It already knows: money of the people who showed up on the program but I know them privately, not as public figures. To find them on television, almost as a conspiracy, is like making a friend you've always taken for granted but become a celebrity.

What they didn't tell you on *The Great Canadian Culture Month* is that the whole thing would go down the drain if the CBC cops out now. If close to a million people are watching something they've never been exposed to before, that's scandalous.



Present: the medium's not the message

even if two million people are watching *Kojak*. It takes a long time for a pop mythology to be born—but the reason for having a government sanctioned broadcasting system is precisely that it should be equipped to take risks and provide alternatives. In the meantime, we shouldn't have to be afraid of the quality of what is on the air, when you try something daring, it's inevitable that there will be some bad and boring programs.

Without perhaps being aware of it, the CBC executives who point out ratings are accepting the American definition of success and failure. Just as the CBC has been tainted by administrators who operate as if they were running American International Pictures, so the CBC is endangered by men who believe and think as if they were working for NBC. It doesn't occur to them that there might be other, better models—maybe because at some level they feel if they really mean they would be working for NBC. *The Great Canadian Culture Month* was a startling mistake. But it is possible that the CBC is run by people who don't believe in their own propaganda.

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Maclean's

MAY 31, 1976

Preview

They took away Jimmy's planes, but he might get some shiny new tanks

With the collapse of the Lockheed deal (see page 21), it is hoped Defense Minister Jean Richardson would have to go empty-handed to the micro defense ministers' meeting in Brussels June 10-11. The purchase of the Lockheed patrol plane was a major point of Canada's renewed commitment to NATO and Canada's allies were shocked with the decision not to go ahead.



The Leopards let loose the coils of war

whatever the reasons. But Richardson may be able to save face with a government decision, expected shortly, to purchase more than 100 Canadian-built Leopard tanks for Canadian forces in Europe. The cost will be about \$200 million. The defense department has recommended the purchase and cabinet is reportedly ready to take the plunge. This would mean a 1971 government decision to retire the Centurion tank and not replace it. One factor in the reversal, the government's desire to forge a "continental link" with European Common Market countries. For three months, the purchase of a European tank for use in Europe would be seen as a sign of good faith on Canada's part. The Americans, who were lobbying heavily for the Lockheed deal, may not think differently.

The company men are strong: Union-nominated corporate directors are commonplace in Western Europe, but virtually unknown in North America. That may change, now that the giant Canadian Workers union has its been at moving into the U.S. leadership of Chrysler Corp. The UAW has promised easy break-through to union-management relations and intends to lead the way in the "internationalization of industry." Chrysler is far in advance in its efforts and can be expected to oppose the idea when contract talks start in July. As far as the close relationships with Chrysler of Canada Ltd. are concerned, the issue is not regarded as pivotal. "But," says a UAW spokesman, "we may put it on the table. It's about time the company got some advice from the rank-and-file." In the United States the union expects to get a more sympathetic response from General Motors Corp. and when the decision to

sell ends on that company's board, GM has been cooperating with the UAW recently on a broad range of issues.

Let them eat hummingbird hearts: Gens' current alleged activity in Canada, it may not worry anyone but the rich and the expensive-account crowd, but the price of *Humana americana*, better known as the lobster, is about to enter the stratosphere. Maritime fishermen are already refusing to sell to the region's three biggest wholesale distributors. A now he'll have the lobstermen and major fish buyers in the Maritimes but broken out over money. The lobstermen say they haven't had a rise in several years, and get only 90 cents to \$1.10 a pound for lobster that sells for up to four dollars a pound wholesale in



Halifax. If the expected shortage develops dollar-conscious island governors may be forced to set a price and to cover.

The battle for land against concrete: All sides are becoming a close battle next month when the Supreme Court will hear arguments on the constitutional legality of Ottawa's wage-and-price controls. The government insists the controls are lawful, and cites a section of the *Trade Act* allowing parliament to do virtually anything to uphold "peace, order and good government." Opponents believe and the province of Alberta disagree. Among the legal opponents who will appear: Toronto criminal lawyer J. J. Robinson, for the federal government; labor lawyer and Morris Wright, for the Canadian Labor Congress, and Ontario Attorney-General Ray McMurtry. For his own government, Ottawa expects to win. So does labor, which has been threatening to take to the streets in a general strike unless the controls are scrapped. A footnote: Nicholas Premier Ed Schreyer, once a keen



Robb, Wright and McMurtry: when you hunt elephants, you use an elephant gun

supporter of the controls program, has become disillusioned and is predicting an early demise.

Of mice and kids: To Robb Born, the mouse was a "free drink, too'm' not from Boston." To Walt Disney, it was Mickey and millions. To cartoonists in the 1950s, it was the mouse show for a live TV show—the Mickey Mouse Club. To Annemarie Penicelli, it was a cat and a can and early fame. And now, to 15-year-old Carter Wang of Vancouver, it represents a steady job in Hollywood. Carter is one of a dozen new Mouseketeers chosen to star in a revival of the Mickey Mouse Club to be aired starting in January. He represents a decision by the producers to shift Mouseketeers from remote cities and ethnic groups. Besides Chicago-Caroline Curtis, the new cast will include two blacks and a Chinese. The Disney studio has scheduled approximately 150 shows, and will start shooting June 15. Says co-producer Mike Wampler: "We want to avoid the cliché, particularly why we looked beyond Hollywood."

Wing and the Mouseketeers of There, why? Because they don't have!



Canada

The sovereign state of RCMP?

One afternoon in mid-May, Minister Nadeau, Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, was due to make a statement on gun controls to the House of Commons justice committee. He had been invited to appear before the committee at the suggestion of the Conservatives, who oppose gun controls and hoped the Mounties would support their wish (former RCMP Commissioner L. H. Wyndham, for example, is a leading spokesman for the gun lobby in Canada). Nadeau had a statement prepared and was due to deliver. Officers under Solicitor General Warren Allmand, the minister responsible for the issue and chief architect of the gun-control legislation, asked for a copy. They got the brief-of. But Nadeau met with Allmand before going to the justice committee and afterward decided to deliver his prepared statement on gun controls. The Tories, disappointed, asked what he thought about the gun legislation anyway. Nadeau offered oral support: "The force has recognized the desirability of some form of control of firearms for some time," he said. "So what is the best form of control? That remains to be seen."

The minister, relatively small in build, cheerfully dismisses the growing friction between the force and the government as the Mounties' attempt to find their way and assert their independence. Some Liberals have not been moved to describe the force as constituting a "parallel government" or "opposition" to the government. Tension between the government and the Mounties are not new and can be dated back to late 1970 when then Solicitor General Jean-Jacques Goyne began efforts to limit the independence of the

RCMP. But frictions have grown in recent months not just because of government legislation that some Mounties consider ill-considered such as gun controls and abolition of unpaid leave without pay—but also because of other investigations into abuses such as Sky Shops, the Southern Lacrosse Union (SLU) and the dredging scandal that touched directly on identity as members of the cabinet and on the Liberal Party. Although the Commons' statement was devoted from the row by the new federal budget, it is expected to surface in the House again as the Mounties continue their probes.

With increasing criticism and against the government is that the investigations have largely been accompanied by a series of leaks to opposition sites and the press. When Environment Minister Jean Marchand's office was visited by two newspaper editors, the officers last November in connection with the Sky Shops investigation, a television camera was on hand to record the event. A former Marchand blamed the presence of the camera on an access leak and accused the Mounties of using a vehicle to "gain a strength they wouldn't have otherwise." This comment was brushed aside at the time. Marchand seemed to be a man who had used well-worn rules. But when a letter from the security chief, Mr. Allmand, outlining a government decision to top secret the use of the RCMP's judicial powers such as the Paris Convention, was leaked to the right-wing, neo-conservative

press Toronto Star in May, others began to wonder whether Marchand hadn't been right. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau charged in the Commons that the leak was "obviously designed to destroy my reputation and credibility."

Naturally, such questions between a government and its officers would be a main theme in favor of the government, that the RCMP is not a sovereign body. A force of 18,000—making 11,800 policemen one quarter of the total number of policemen in Canada—the RCMP is a variety of federal functions that in the United States are handled by such agencies as the FBI, the CIA, the Secret Service and the Drug Enforcement Administration. In addition, the force operates as provincial police outside Ontario and Quebec and as local cops in 171 municipalities across Canada. A parliamentary critic, the Mounties enforce internal discipline with a rigid code and officers who break it face penalties of up to a year in prison.

In addition to the signs of strength, the Mounties have a public image that places them as the police of the future. In a 1972 poll showed that 91.7% of the respondents judged the force to be "competent" or "highly competent."

Four Horsemen: the chief, the cop, the hawk and the spy



Commissioner Maurice Nadeau A 46-year-old, 55-year-old, who one year ago became the first French-Canadian chief of the RCMP, Nadeau seems to us a quiet, steady and his honest steps in avoiding pitfalls of his demanding job. Born in Montreal, Quebec, he served as a clerk, Mountie detective in Vancouver, Montreal, Quebec City and Toronto before going to Ottawa in 1972 as deputy commissioner for criminal operations. As commissioner, he has helped quiet widespread fears on the force by fighting for substantial merit and overtime pay. He was also criticized in bringing about the force's crackdown on white-collar and commercial crime—a thrust that led to widespread charges in the dredging industry last year and a public inquiry. Sky Shops after Nadeau said to accept both private and Mountie with equal impartiality, but the Sky Shops case has been in the past in months put in Pierre Trudeau's target. His career is obviously quiet, however. Due to retire this year, Nadeau's term has been extended to September, 1977.



Assistant Commissioner J.P. Dupres As chief of the Montreal Quebec division, Dupres, who was born in Hull, Que., may have the toughest task of any Mountie in the force: protecting the Montreal Olympic Games. From middle Dupres, 49, joined the force in 1946 and is what the Mounties call a "police officer"—an officer who works but not on the command side. Mountie New Brunswick, who was before being posted to Montreal in 1972. He recently won respect within the force during the hearing now between the force's command side and the force's operational side. Dupres is a man who is not a politician. Dupres is due to retire in Ottawa later this year as deputy commissioner for criminal operations and is being tapped as a possible successor to Nadeau—though this would mean two francophone commissioners in a francophone force.



Deputy Commissioner Peter Bessant A 46-year-old, 46-year-old, Bessant is a quiet, steady, no-nonsense, disciplinarian who since 1972 has been the force's deputy commissioner for administration. That post gave him the power to decide on the transfer of officers around the country—a principal source of friction in the force. A hard-line officer of many years, Bessant is a former sergeant in the British Columbia as head of the province's 4,000-man Mountie command. A move to defend tension on the force? No, says Commissioner Nadeau, it is a move to upgrade the force's relations with the provinces. Born in Vaudreuil, Quebec, Bessant served in the Second World War as a flying officer, joined the Mounties in 1947 and rose steadily, becoming one of the first members of the force to be sent to college. Says a Mountie officer: "The force is not concerned with controversy. He's more like a hard-nosed businessman, but he's sold his soul to the RCMP."



Lieut.-Colonel Michael Barr As deputy chief of the force's security service, the 58-year-old Barr has been the force's liaison with the federal security agencies. Lately he has been keeping a lower-than-usual profile while the Mounties try to find out who leaked a letter in which Barr asked for construction on securing Quebec separatists seeking federal police. A link that drew the wrath of Pierre Trudeau. Barr first came to Ottawa's attention in 1970 when, as vice-chief of the Armed Forces Defense Staff, he moodily organized troop movements during the 1970 FLQ crisis. Later, he helped Ottawa plan for 1974 future cases, then in 1975 succeeded John Starnes in the security service, post. Michael Barr was named in Montreal. Barr was the one in France in 1944 and later served in Korea. His distinguished military ways have not always paid down well along Ottawa's corridors of power. He is, says an army colleague, "determined a politician and quite intelligent like he things down."



Mid to the chief: the 'coup d'état' was just a joke, but even after that, the Mounties are not out of control.

time" or "highly competent." Building on this base and on a 101-year tradition of force independence and loyalty, the force has pursued its independence with vigor even when they affected the political careers of the force's nominal superiors in government.

The recent blow-up over the Dore letter for example, centered on the fact it was leaked and overlooked the common neglect in themselves. Dore said in the letter that in response to the government's wishes, "I have accordingly issued an instruction that all operations being conducted on the Paris Convention and its members' crime."

He was in addition by the RCMP that it has in the past carried out surveillance of the activities of a legitimate political organization. The responsibility for such surveillance falls to the Security

Service, or is a highly secret service branch of the RCMP under Dore responsible for the force's intelligence and security. Even at the time, the force's answer was not to be in the outside world. Such inquiry has prompted speculation in the past that the force is actually open to legitimate groups, ranging from the National Farmers Union to the Canadian Association for the Rights of the Aborigine. But the Mounties, through the government, have always responded that investigations are only conducted where there is a suspicion of "criminal or subversive activity." According to the Dore letter, the hope of its surveillance was developed much wider than that and the release cracked down.

Sometimes—possibly a Mountie—tendently disagreed with the new policy and leaked the Dore letter to expose the

disaffection. It is a familiar pattern. In 1964, the Dore letter was touched off by a Mountie who was then in the force, was sitting in the secretariat as an assistant to Justice Minister Guy Fauriol and the parliamentary secretary to Prime Minister Lester Pearson had been involved in efforts to bring out the force's role in the 1964 election. It appears the police, but has been moved to describe the force as constituting a "parallel government" or "opposition" to the government. Tension between the government and the Mounties are not new and can be dated back to late 1970 when then Solicitor General Jean-Jacques Goyne began efforts to limit the independence of the

In some cases, the disclosure are not without a sliver of drama. While the Dore letter simply asked by oral in a plain envelope, Michael Barr's oral got

a copy of a transcript of a meeting held on the scene's main room at Montreal's Hotel Astor. The transcript was to be there at a meeting. The transcript was stuck in the bottom of a toilet bowl.

Looks are not the only avenue for suppressing dissent or getting back at the government. In April, for "divisive" reasons, a series of anti-semitic attacks, went to the power of publicly expressing nonconfidence in Allmand at Solicitor General. That same month, the RCMP pulled the Sky Shops out of the Quebec courts where Quebec prosecutors attempted to dislodge the charges to be laid.

That same of events prompted concern to the upper echelons of government, and the latter became the subject of several investigations by the Prime Minister's office. But by Victoria Day, the government was attempting to play down suggestions of growing friction between it and the forces. It tried to put out the word privately that he was satisfied that only a few individuals in the force were misbehaving. Adds Allmand: "If you say the latter are playing politics the answer is no. There may be members in the force who are, but there are no every government department. Why become don't like my position as a capital policeman, or even report to government investigations police. But if I think there are just individuals. But the whole force? Says Nodon: "We've been accused of trying to defame the government. We've investigated crimes that were brought on by our police and crimes only."

But some Liberals were not so sure, especially at Quebec where there had always been strong suspicion of the motives of the federal police force. Mandard compared the way the force responded to U.S. force during its own race. Richardson, Liberal MP from Quebec, suggested the Montrealers were planning a coup d'état, he added as a more serious view. "For a look at the series of attacks on the links in the day, the Quebec government and all—anybody goes to wonder what is the RCMP up to?" Quebec newspaper editorials depicted the Montrealers as "a force with a state" with "a police state to go."

Such criticism could be brushed aside as self-serving politics or simple paranoia, but others have begun to express concern about the direction the RCMP is headed as well. Even Conservative MP Elmer MacKay, the "strong" Quebec man who has been a beneficiary of RCMP levels in the past, says the force is out of control. While he won't accuse the RCMP of playing politics, MacKay says the Montreal are "leading Allmand around by the nose" and said: "If there's any program in the RCMP, it must be to afford to have a drink, it's the vice."

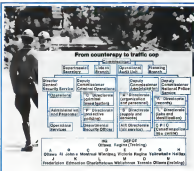
MacKay has acknowledged that one of his primary sources on the Sky Shops affair was a former Montreal. Don MacKay, a veteran of the RCMP who was recommended for his work during the FLQ crisis in 1970

MacKay and fellow blow to Gilles Breton were fired from the force in 1973 for consorting with Montreal businessmen. MacKay himself was also publicly associated with accused insider Willie O'Brien.

Ironically, it was Allmand's office that started the chain of events that led to MacKay's firing. MacKay and Breton both felt they had been asked for an intimate relationship with a friend and took their case to Allmand. The Solicitor General

thought they didn't give him the right answer. They gave him what they want to go back. And if he gets too risky, they refuse to embrace them. They can't be the same letter if a guy gets out of line, they try to catch him."

The force is not, of course, monolithic. One source knowledgeable in law-enforcement, intelligence estimates that about 40% of the force has come around to the idea of ultimate government control of its activities. "But the other 60% thinks it is



and were then senior Commissioner W. L. Hoggitt asked if the two men would "have an opportunity to fully present their case." Hoggitt replied that there was "no provision for further appeals." MacKay promised to leave Canada and leave himself. Finally, Charles Hughes, then Allmand's executive assistant, told him he would have a good idea of opposition for what he'd go to get answers. (Allmand says MacKay and Breton themselves felt that the police would be going to the opposition and be told they go to get answers.) Hughes suggested Conservative MP Pat Newton to MacKay, but Newton got MacKay in touch with MacKay, who tried to help with the situation. As far as he was. As a return favor, MacKay helped MacKay on the Sky Shops investigation and met with some difficulty given success.

That Allmand's office should be unable to get MacKay and Breton a new hearing is mostly surprising. Although the Solicitor General is normally in charge of the RCMP, he in fact exercises little control over the force. A May 2 meeting with Nodon and the Sky Shop affair, by MacKay's side must have been a fairly serious. Says MacKay: "When the minister said the RCMP some-

responsible to God, or at least, the Queen. Certainly not to the government." Nodon rejects the idea the force is out of control. He says that in addition to Allmand, the RCMP is answer to the prime minister, provincial attorneys general, and municipal police. He says the force is also, of course, an agent to be made due to much political control is not a good thing. It could be seen as collecting the Montrealers from legitimate investigations into criminal acts by politicians or worse, transform the force into a branch of the Liberal Party. Says one top Montreal: "We just could not operate if we were politically controlled."

Recently a commission of inquiry into the RCMP headed by Judge René Munn of Ontario recommended establishment of an ombudsman to hear public complaints against the RCMP. That step is well under consideration by the government. But ultimately, the government must take responsibility for the force. The only way it could come with the appointment of a new commissioner to replace Nodon. Due to step down in 1977. If concerns over the RCMP's conduct in the Montreal night report are outside the force, something that hasn't been done since 1931.

Another possible step might be to split off the Security Service from the RCMP as a unit of divide-and-rule under a ministerial agency—the Police and Security Planning and Analysis Group (PSPAG)—was set up in 1971 by the government to provide an outside outlet of RCMP intelligence. But it has become largely a paper tiger. The force, which supplies it with most of its information.

Many Montrealers fearful of change such as these, have reacted harshly against the links in connection with their investigations. One such complaint described the person who looked the Dart letter as "somebody in a little town" who didn't "need the backlink he could count. But like it or not, the Montrealers are almost certain to face further run-ins with the government in the near future. That is especially likely to be true if ongoing investigations were expanding at Montreal airport and at the Olympic site—two probes that reportedly are turning up a harvest of wrongdoing—run out to south on the subject on the Liberal Party.

Horror for motherhood

Between May 31 and June 11, some 2,000 delegates from more than 40 nations will gather in Vancouver for a multimillion-dollar forum on nuclear energy. The event is the United Nations Conference on Human Settlements. It is the largest (un-sponsored) conference ever, held in the British Columbia, at "one of the sites of global discussions in which most are beginning to talk about serious force"—in this case, the problem of providing sufficient food in a world that is now facing over-population. Somehow, Montreal seems to have arrived at this point, without any warning, perhaps because such a costly extravaganza in Canada's poorest West Coast metropolis seemed unlikely to go far beyond the plight of the world's hordes.

But the image took another knock with the discovery one month before the conference secretariat had provided no advance draft communiqué had been written on the night of April 20, the center of the document, which fell into the hands of an Ottawa journalist suggested that by and large the conference organization did not expect delegates to reach any startling conclusions. The communiqué, for example, should be "by the people of the world" should be issued, among other things in enough food to shelter employment, health and freedom. Rather strangely, it calls on delegates to affirm the principle that food "because of its limited supply" should be "by the people of the world."

There is one revelation that could generate considerable heat—particularly among Middle Eastern delegates. It calls for the rehabilitation of "homeless people" displaced by natural or political upheavals. Nevertheless, the communiqué is a pro-



The Habitat construction after three confusions seem language, why finish it?

datable proposal for the creation of a new United Nations Agency on Human Settlements at an estimated cost of some \$1 million dollars a year. A Habitat program was widely denounced and apologetic over disclosure of the draft communiqué. The conference's Canadian Commissioner General James MacNeill, stated that at a meeting in advance of the conference, he had been told by the prime minister that the draft communiqué was "a mistake" and that it should be "changed or deleted," he said. "That's the reason we are having the conference."

Mr. Richardson's flying circus

For years, Ottawa has put off deciding on a replacement for the Armed Forces' wing of the Army patrol plane. Finally last November the government took the plunge. At a cost of about \$50 million, it was announced, the defense department would buy 18 Lockheed Orion aircraft to replace Canada's share of aging Canberra patrol for NATO. From the start, Ottawa's plan to buy the Orion did not fly well, due to some hovering over their error as the former of Lockheed, second-order and debt-ridden company. The end came this month. After weeks of first attempt by Lockheed to raise the necessary funds to build the planes and send signs of a better without fight over the issue, the Orion program went into a deep sleep and ended.

Behind the defense department, which now must start the search for a new Long-Range Patrol Aircraft (LRPA) all over—the highest level in the mid when he was Defense Minister James Richardson. Toldman has a cabinet minister been left so sorry, and possibly alone to carry the burden of

accounting for a government debacle. Before Richardson was in the Commons to try to explain what had happened, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and most of the Liberal front bench indulged in the Commons. Given that crushing abandonment, Conservative Leader Joe Clark's job that the whole Orion affair resembled a "Barnes Brothers' remedy" seemed a relatively mild remark.

The first signs of trouble with the Orion appeared last January when Lockheed of



Richardson and O'Brien: It's an ill wind...

lost \$175 million in order to begin building Canada's share. Richardson replied that Ottawa had covered its losses by selling its own start-up money—though it should have been well known that Lockheed was \$800 million in debt and unable to borrow more. With a March 31 deadline—later extended to the end of April—in which to find the money, Lockheed turned to Canada's aircraft makers. But the banks, led by the Royal and the Commerce, were willing to provide funds only under a government guarantee—which Ottawa finally refused. With greater looting, Richardson continued to lean that all

was well in the end of April, he finally agreed the Orica contract with Lockheed and put it in motion, pending ratification of the financing by May 17. By the Monday of that week, Richardson was still claiming that a financial solution was in sight: "I can tell you on the table right now of the deal," he told reporters—and Lockheed officials were well prepared to believe that the government would come to the rescue. Emerging from a cabinet meeting, Trudeau announced that the government would do so on such things. Sure for a flurry of fiscalists. In last-minute rescue attempts, the Orica deal was dead.

On the political level, the Greens appeared to enter a deep shadow over Richard's political future. With handshakes and hugs, they were seen to have prepared various "nests" in an office of the Prime Minister's Office staffed, the majority of the cabinet's allies opposed the Greens on the grounds that it was "bad for the country." The Greens' political future was in doubt. The cabinet was slower to bring it along with the province provided that it did not involve either government financing. "Why should the state of Quebec be responsible for the decreasing birth rate in the cabinet," said Robert Bourassa, "up to the end that a way could be found?" He said "explained the two reasons: 'very low fertility rates.' The collapse of Eric's family, the loss of his wife, the loss of his children, the loss of his life. Supply and Services Minister Jean-Pierre Goyer (in cabinet), he vehemently opposed paring back how to Lockheed and, reportedly, the two points were threatened."

For the defense department, the final college meant a new hunt for an Argus successor—and preliminary talks began almost immediately with Boeing, whose relatively anonymous T27 or T37 jetman might be credited for the LFA task. Another possibility, surprisingly enough,

Polio: forgotten, maybe, but far from gone

back to the early 1990s, polystyrene was purifying more than 2,000 Canadians a year. Thanks to the introduction of Safe and Sound vaccines, there have been fewer than five cases of polystyrene poisoning in Canada since fly over the pond decade. Now there are less than five polystyrene might make at least a limited comeback for a generation of neonates. Polystyrene has been discovered flourishing in untreated sewage, and there are signs that some parents may be growing cautious about seeing that their children receive immunizing vaccines. With some parents, warns K. R. Scott, head of microbiology at Linköping University Hospital in Sweden, "it's an upward pole of one of light, sun of mind. After a while you develop a false sense of security."

A police report developed in the Ottawa area recently after disclosure of a report showing that sewer treatment at two-Denise plants contained five strains of potentially dangerous polio virus. The result: a 30-fold increase in demands for immunization shots among clinics. In Edmonton, an ecobiologist, Traine Vasianovich of the University of Alberta has produced findings similar to those in Ottawa, and Dr. Robert R. Reiser has discovered suspected polio viruses in Haldimand sewage. Similar studies are underway in Vancouver, Winnipeg and Montreal. In fact, recently, in a report that over 93% of the sewage in Montreal contained polio virus, the city council ordered a ban on the St. Lawrence River.

Just as alarming as the discovery of polio

minerals made for the armed forces. "Well, it won't happen again."

VANCOUVER
Beerier laughing

Justly six months ago, this small, high-flying politician, Dave Barron, was brought crashingly to earth. Not only did Bill Bennett's Social Crediters and three years of rule in British Columbia by Barron's New Democrats, but Barron himself was tremendously defeated in his own Coquitlam riding. Barron languished in defeat for only a few months before deciding to make a start at picking up the pieces. Commencing this month, for a long time,

Barry had reason to be confident. In choosing Vancouver East as the scene of



Keywords: *bullying, victimization, social skills, social competence, social support*

have not been vaccinated there. An Ottawa survey showed that 76.7% of children between 1 year and six years old were immunized against diphtheria and other diseases. "There is a lot of fear among parents," says Syed Sattar, who directs the University of Ottawa's pediatric clinic. "But we are not just afraid of the disease." But, he adds, "If we do not continue an effective vaccination program, a certain percentage of the population will grow up without immunity." Accordingly, Ottawa in August will start oral vaccination campaigns with 2.5 million family allowances and old age pension cheques, and that measure just to reach a minimal health service to document vaccine status levels across the entire country.

한국의 정치·경제·사회·문화 전반에 걸쳐 다양한 분야에서 활동하고 있는 전문가와 학자, 그리고 일반인들로부터 다양한 주제와 분야에 대한 질문과 답변을 제공합니다.

his comeback bid. Barrett returned to his old-fashioned room—the city's crowded Eastside—where Dave, whose father ran a fruit stall, once attended Britannia High School. Now, as then, the riding is predominantly working class and ethnically mixed. It has been mainly ex-race for more than four decades, and these days the riding's 45,000 voters may be more inclined than ever to stay on the left. The Bennett government's tough fiscal policies—increased auto insurance premiums, higher health insurance, a 40% sales tax increase—have hit hard in inner-city blocks.

Barnett large early into the fray, beginning his rounds in the district two months before the by-election was even called. Since then, six workers from all-over have streamed into Vancouver East to mount an intensive door-to-door campaign. The Socialists are running just as hard, but their candidate hardly seems likely to pose a major threat to Barnett. The Social Creditor is Ralph Long, a 41-year-old lawyer with an impressive record in community service but no previous experience in politics. Clean-cut and youthful-looking, Long



Marvatt back in life even busier and

probably did his chances very little good when he told voters that he had received news from God that he should run.

New Democratic Party voters are asking East Enders of the "need to get Dave Barrett, the fighter, back into the legislature to lead a new opposition." But the Lancaster voters are also angry that Barrett's inactivity and oppositionism has tarnished the brand name of his party's default "No taxes!" say a 30-year member there, "learned that people don't want a stand-up comedian for president. Still, there is no one (in Barrett's) holds the party anywhere in light of being considered as a legislator and state legislator. Barrett should have no problem when the party holds its annual convention and

FUNDATION

A most curious case of murder

On a Sunday in June, 1971, the body of Robert Neville, a prominent Edmonson businessman, was found in a pool of blood at the offices of the Neville World Travel Agency. Neville, 66, had been alive three days in the back and the police were baffled. There had been no robbery and the only clue was a key wedged in a map that protruded, as Justice, two friends and the Edmonson butler, deny. The key opened a depositor's locker number 22 and inside the police discovered a leather case, an Italian-made Italian Dictionary, an Italian color map, a spectacular case, law and spirit police car magnets and an expensive claspings with pictures of Neville and his wife.

Edmonton police were charged with murder a day after a Queen's University law professor named Keith Latta, a longtime friend and former business associate of Neville's Latta, protesting his innocence, was eventually convicted and sentenced to a life term which he is serving.

at Brazil Columbia's William Head Penitentiary. There, Latta relied on his support circle of friends and other defendants who claim to have unearthed new evidence. But the Alberta Supreme Court dismissed his appeal and the Supreme Court of Canada refused to hear his case.

[illegible]

It would be a good idea to consider the possibility of a change in the

and nearly private life unknown to Neville's wife and associates, and for the first time suggested an actual motive for the killing. At Latta's trial, motive was even shown, but Latta's Georgeann had been on the bus depot ladder. Latta further damaged his case by lying about having been in Neville's office on the day of the killing and by failing to testify in his own defense. Afterward, Latta explained he was in the office copying insurance documents when he heard a struggle taking place and found Neville fighting a stranger, who shot him several times. The ac-

MONTREAL

The Rearing Situation

Montreal is one of the few remaining cities where the game of cops and robbers is played according to the old rules—gangland versus the cops and score among winners and losers. Typical of the Montreal style is the aftermath of the March 30 holdup of a film store: more cars than needed five more \$2.5 million—the largest cash haul in North American history. Deciding that the culprits were out of the West End's numerous gangs, the cops began methodically ransacking the district a piece down, in a series of more than 80 raids. The result:

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Latta with wife, Rose, during his Christmas leave a prison with the Hitchcock family.



Slawey, dead and alive (dead): he went for his gun, and they plugged him.

violence, escalating war between West End hoods and the police that may even have led to a \$50,000 underworld contract being put out for the life of the chief investigating officer.

The war broke out when Detective Sergeant André Savard and Pierre Gilbert were on surveillance at the West End in an unmarked car. Suddenly a bullet was fired through the rear windshield, whizzing between the two detectives. A few days later, Constables Kevin McCurt and Rose Trudel were nearly run down by a car after

locking a bar they had just raided. A week after that, Trudel was nearly killed when a booby-tripped shotgun went off while he was searching a club. Later, McCurt was attacked by four men outside a club and had to undergo surgery for a shattered cheek bone and a fractured skull.

Murders came to a head this month when Savard and a team of cops stalked out a West End garage, waiting for John Slawey, a man suspected of playing a part in the Bink's "beat and a try" to kill Savard and Gilbert. When he saw the police

Slawey pulled a pistol and was gunned down and killed. As a result of that, some policemen believe that a West End mobster named "Lucky" has got a contract out for Savard. Inspector Jean-Claude Rondeau, in charge of the Montreal Urban Community police force's central investigation bureau, doubts it. Nevertheless, says Rondeau, Savard would be under 24-hour police protection "just in case." Contract or not, Savard has no intention of letting up on his West End sweeps. In a somewhat curious admission for a cop, Savard notes that the West End criminals "have had a monopoly on certain things for years and have not been bothered by the police. We are not about to let up on them because they knocked a few of our guys around."

The police have arrested dozens of people in West End bars and underworld haunts, but they have yet to charge anyone in connection with the Bink's job. The raids did turn up an unexpected bonus, however. The search for the Bink's ended to the discovery during a routine car search of an extraordinary drug ring that was bringing between 30 and 60 pounds of budabud into Montreal every month. The people were arrested in Montreal, and, on the strength of information relayed to Scotland Yard, six others were picked up in London. STEVEN BROWN

Pourquoi un Newfie traverse la rue?

Every afternoon, part way through his program on Quebec's most listened-to French-language radio station, Montreal's CKAC, Louis-Paul Allard gives listeners what they've been waiting for—four Newfie jokes. Suddenly, if unapologetically, it comes. *Le Newfie* is all the rage in francophone Quebec. There are Newfie dolls, decks, records and cassettes and Allard has compiled two volumes of Newfie jokes on cassette (sample: "A Newfie won a gold medal at the Olympics and had it hoisted"). The first volume sold a record 120,000 copies, and Allard, whose radio show is carried on seven Quebec stations, has been personally booming the second in supermarkets (dude, naturally, in a Newfie T-shirt).

Why, after making around English Canada for years, has the Newfie joke suddenly arrived in Quebec? No one really knows, though sociologists have observed before that there is often a time lag before the fads of the English-speaking world ripen in the belated provinces. For his part, Allard says he has nothing at all against Newfoundlanders—"after all, we are all a little bit Newfie." Newfoundland's Minister of Tourism, Tom Mackay, says he is looking at the situation. But for the most part it seems that the long-suffering people of Newfoundland couldn't care less. After all, books of Newfie jokes are sold there too.



The only thing more rewarding than giving it, is sharing it.



Trouble in Eaton

Behind the doors of the oldest department store in the country, the swingers are battling the squares, and until one side wins the Eaton's idea is nowhere

By Barbara Amiel

Toronto, Black Friday, December 12, 1975. It started off normally enough with the usual flood of conventional shoppers thronging Eaton's doors at 9:30 a.m. and standing purposefully to the counter of their choice. As the sales floor thinned, independent judgment as prescribed by the company manual. By about 10:30 a.m. one well-dressed customer detected a pattern in window calls. Customers were asking about the advertisement in that morning's *Globe and Mail*. "Would that be to order merchandise?" the customer asked one caller. "No," came the reply, "it must certainly be sold."

Around the street kiosk's executives were taking a good look at the ad themselves. Simpson, born the back page of the first section of the *Globe and Mail* and Eaton's followed suit on the back page of the last section. There had been pump among articles about changes to Eaton's (and Gode) were Eaton's demure customers looking curiously (and at the sight of a well-to-do, shop. Replacing their feet in a noisier space, standing challengingly into the camera and taking with their lips apart. But today's ad was in the style of German photographer Helmut Newton, the watershed of fashion photography and the current focus of a *Starline* show in New York's *Pop* magazine. (Apparently the explicit content-industry's strategy at his fashion spreads was playing havoc with *Pop*'s subscription subscription.) As one Eaton's executive later put it: "That December 12 ad was just one Newton for our poster boards."

The advertisement in question showed four brooding gentlemen rugged up in casual (some without) winter gear, in a somewhat unadorned manner. In between them on the floor was a thin black girl, half-way into a push-up showing some of her bare midriff. Eaton's ad was a great deal of her husband's pal. Simpson's executives looked with relief at his own ad. That was decided, and in his hands, the brother-in-law each with a Christmas present gift-wrapped under his arm. Mom, snappy in her work dress, was looking blissfully vague next to a Christmas tree appearing from the wall to melt itself into the Toronto scene. When the lights came on, the girl was getting ready, it would seem, to

try her first complete sentence. It was Canada as usual.



On "Black Friday," while Simpson's ad is reported as the joy of Christmas, Eaton's responded with the joy of Sex.

and a put-down of women. The battle moved onto the latter page of the *Globe and Mail* (Charmaine, Sara Selma of the Ontario Status of Women Council, who knows an important man when she sees one, declared herself "appalled" at a "woman in apparent bondage and testing"). "Asked Mrs. Selma provocatively: "Group rape fantasy again?" she failed to note that the large picture of the four men in the ad suggested they'd have difficulty doing violence to a wet cabbage.

But the ad had far greater significance than the unorthodox picture of its models. It drew public attention to a policy battle being waged along the corridors of Eaton's executive offices. On one side the Eaton's executives brazenly as part of the new campaign—youth (target age 20-45), active and "modern" (youth), described in the window who came about the design of bathroom breakers as well as brass bedsteads, in opposition to that, the holdouts, those executives afraid of alienating the "traditional" customer seemed to be on guard. Customers could not be taken for granted. Reminding people had been spreading for some time about Eaton's new direction. Now the policy, which in fact had been approved as a matter of course, was being tested. Polyester braies were to be carried by Boutique Paradis. Company unlighted not yet ready to surrender their turf to that upstart approach to marketing asked the public reaction to the advertisement and bided their time. More examinations were needed from one generation to strengthen their hand in a corporate bloodbath. They would not have long to wait.

Memo-Lash Eaton's people are excited with a love for retail. Ask them about company decisions-making and they bring eagerly into a tale of horror and chaos all going to gather for the sake of extra and the like. They can't help it. Despite their age of experience and years being thick with the redoubtable flow of experience, they become young and curious. Still, customers wanting new hardware and plumbing are not at Eaton's and check little buyers are in. Ought to get a rudimentary knowledge of the company structure. First there are no visible Eaton's people for Jack Eaton who will return shortly. Jack Eaton is



out on Eaton's ground (from through his father was the best president. Eaton's ever had apart from Timothy). He is the third cousin of the four Eaton brothers—Fred, John, George and Thom—who are at present on the holding company that owns the store. Eaton's doctrine, however, seems designed to leave bright young executives making lots of money (and making a name) with women. That is at least Eaton's look that a reflection of the society's view of the operation. Its 62 stores sell everything from sweaters to trousers and socks. The company is a specialist in organization charts, financial, domestic, decision making, that forget all that is practice of a former Head Office has that industry on the edge of panic at its own core, but the area seems have the ultimate authority—the power of the purse. If Vancouver decides their customers won't want the mid-end pants head office adored, then 2,500 pairs may sit in Montreal. Therefore such decisions are decided in a cold-headed manner to the quest check of perfection as coffee cup must answer in the conference room. Evidence suggests they are more likely involved in logistical necessities do little, just swim, swim whizzing like missiles across the fast prices.

About three years ago Eaton's admitted what everyone else knew—it was in a retailing trouble. Of course trouble is relative when you own the kind of real estate some of their 62 stores occupy on, and generate about \$1.5 billion of business each year. Trouble means money worries in a multi-billion empire and a performance that wouldn't look up here on a prospectus for a thirty-second unit asking to go public.

During the 1960s little girls with dark and lipstick and very short hair had been opening up specialty stores and selling their delectable creature, the "junior" and "teenage" customer with "disposable" income. (Timothy, 20-45 years old, and his. Dubois, once and a while to him.) Hudson's Bay Company was growing in market share and Eaton's traditional power base such as the Winnipeg store began to slip. Discounts were being their day too, forcing traditional stores such as Eaton's to think up ideas to customer services to order to compete with prices. Even Saks Fifth and Earl Herbert Over. Over wouldn't know a Gode from a grille but he could add up figures (he started out at Claridge, Gordon), by March 1975 he was Eaton's new president. It wasn't long before the money-loving Eaton's Catalogue was used. Meanwhile



Surrounded by the executives of the new Eaton ultra-chic—the Alfredo Sileo, Timothy E., after-consulting President in Over, the man who asked: "Enough?"

complicated executives met together for what Eaton's member two men. Sam J. Short declared in "documentary arguments and fights as to who the basic customer was." Whenever the importance of the "constructive exchange of ideas," the second says were early. Eaton's executives had moved out their staff policy in the middle and crystal surrounding of Toronto's Royal Regency Hotel with just the briefest of breaks for lunches of cold salmon-in-sauce and quiche. By June 1975 it was all tied up. The new Merchandising Operations Strategy was approved, watermarked and issued in neat red binders ready for implementation.

Getting hold of a copy became the retail game of 1975-76. "How you were it?" asked one strange executive of Hudson's Bay Company, "because I want to look like it." It felt underneath the anonymous charts codified "authority factors" the strategy seemed not to be nothing more than a cold-blooded appraisal of Canada 1976. Psychographic charts and social class theory Eaton's adopting as a weapon. "It is no



Eric Sirois/© Montreal



longer practical," said the strategy, "to be all things to all people." Our store was going retro. "It is only logical to re-embrace efforts on attracting the red wine market — the 30- to 45-year-old customer at the middle- and upper-middle-income sector. This burgeoning market is extremely active, fashion conscious as never before in all aspects of living. It is better educated, more knowledgeable and more knowledgeable about the world, about sports, culture, heterosexual and cooking than previous generations... to be precise Eaton's will be the best fashion store in Canada." The gambit was down.

The Chic Minority: In the heart of every retailer lives a spark that seems to burn into flame at Bloomingdale's, the east-side Manhattan store that is so famous for retailing what has emerged in its car racing. Gordon Ryan was too modest to think that at Bloomingdale's director of design he had the hottest job in the business, but it was pleasant to have the president of Macy's telephone for lunch or to be flown out to the Beverly Hills Hotel in California by the Broadway-Hale Corporation. One day Ryan's phone rang and a voice introduced himself as Ken McCowan, general sales manager of Toronto men's stores, as soon for a conversation. McCowan wanted to get together in the men's department at Bloomingdale's. Ryan, who had just turned down a lunch with the president of Garibach's, thought that was rather troubling. "As soon as I walked into the department," said Ryan, "I spotted him." McCowan, an dealer, was bristling wearing his Madden 500 suit.

After high-level negotiations Ryan was

With the catalogue gone, creative types like art director Thom Denson and photographer Gordon Ryan were assigned to produce the New Look in glossy newspaper supplements (left) and in subway posters.



wood away from a desolate Bloomingdale's into Eaton's. Eaton's new merchandising strategy excited him. "Eaton's," he said, "was a store that would run." His first day on the job was confirmation. "Everyone in the foodservice would think they died and went to heaven if they woke up on Eaton's fashion floor," he said. "My God! The biggest problem since I've up here is that there's no one to talk to about merchandise. They have this corporate level who buys merchandise for the stores and you just don't know what it is till it arrives. I'm just trying to train my staff to a higher title level." His voice drops slightly as he recalls the danger zone holding. He named placed that collar. "What this company needs," he says, "is more than two weeks' time."

In Montreal Bernice Broderick, national merchandise manager (women's), all lean and blond, looks to fit the should be on Quebec's slim build instead of dry goods. Broderick got American design winner Calvin Klein to sign an exclusive contract with Eaton's. "We had to beat out Holt Renfrew, Credits in Toronto, everybody," he says proudly. Broderick is the little agent behind the back-and-forth evenings that replaced those funeral Eaton's fashion shows with audiences who looked like clowns of the Queen Mother. "We had four gorgeous models in Toronto..." he mused, his eyes glazing over thoughtfully. Then is a triumph of mind over matter he snaps back to a consideration of company vice-president Bernice at Eaton's. His life got his thoughts with the car party when he was still a kid. But his last when opposition to his ideas on price-per-unit in Postage-in-Prize and he tapes one out for the Department of Retail Sales. Broderick isn't smiling in another series of dry, critical. The Carter-Hewlett-Hale Store Inc. that controls Holt Renfrew of Canada is reported to have given Holt's three years to triple profits. Daily trading parties have assigned three of Broderick's top buyers. He can't switch sales because his staff are locked into Eaton's gold. Eric Sirois, Bernice Broderick buckles under that kind of reliability.

Broderick's stickup is Jean-Pierre Allmand, the man who runs all of Eaton's boutiques. Allmand, born in France to a glove manufacturing family, didn't run on any merchandising strategy to sell him on the road to Ultimate Chic. In his fall pressed grey flannel trousers and exquisitely cut jacket ("all from the Adam Shop, you know") he is the special nightmare of Eaton's conservatives. Even visionaries hesitate to shake hands afraid that fingerprints may mar his perfect flesh. "People think of me as a bit too elegant," says Allmand, nodding at his old Gucci shoulderbag as evidence of his current debauchery, "and I don't want to be perceived. But I'm a specialist in high fashion and travelling. I don't understand mass merchandising." Allmand waves as he picks his way carefully through the pastel hotel suite outside his



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office "God it's awful. And if you walk across our first floor look at those horrible plastic bags." He turns over the Montreal Eaton's Adam Sheep, not really a real sheep, a short, filled with influence all ready to audition for the next Jean-Paul Belmondo movie. "You know boutiques may only give us a small percentage of sales, but devoted management knows they are very important because they bring customers into the store. Without them Eaton's would be very dull. Only mediocre middle management doesn't understand that."

Reggie to Winnipeg: The heart of resistance to Eaton's New Look policy is in the male and female plans of Winnipeg. Of course Winnipeg management means nothing finally to the new merchandising strategy even as it makes plans to change the entire store as a whole. As Donald and Reggie, the Eaton's store fits comfortably into Winnipeg's controversial visits, facing as it does the abandoned catalogue building which began its new contribution to the Texas School Book. Deputy of Les Horvath, Ontario.

What Eaton's Winnipeg offers the customer is no frills, no nonsense. Each floor seems closer to a bargain basement than the last. The building still looks like a museum, the quality and style of the merchandise but the ambience of a professional institution passed by. On the sixth floor, general merchandise manager Brian Lussell, tapped by rows of undistinguished charitable people to any space in which large selling and marketing coffee tables are placed. "I think," he says, "we have the best damn store in the world." On the fashion floor Jean-Pierre's boutiques are barely visible. The Atlantic store is not a store. (One of Eaton's best buyers, an Atlantic Sheep buyer, as customers are asked with two or three French, Italian and British ready-to-wear.) A half-baked sign hangs over a back corner of the store promoting knit tops. In one corner, against the wall, as a structure, Winnipeggers treat on a Calvin Klein skirt. "I've bought my clothes here since I was 17," says Mrs. Shirley Damer, a passed and that woman now in her forties.

And I wear a lot of very-old things for Winnipeg. Maybe not a lot of things, but a lot of clothes but they're so hard to get here. I try everything on that comes into Eaton's clothing area. But why do I have to do it in this way again? And why are the good clothes all mixed up with the cheap ready-to-wear? Mrs. Elaine Jensen and her husband longed for a Christian Apparel top. The store refused to order the colorful, patterned top. "Eaton's has always been the place to go to for things for me," she says. "I wish they'd get more with it."

In the executive offices as Toronto, even as it has been, wherever the Winnipeg store is mentioned, still Gregory Purchase vice-president, Winnipeg and area stores, feels his store never needed the new policy. "That emphasis has been pretty well



The statue of Timothy Eaton represents the Toronto downtown store. And below, one of the ads that had police gawping.

strewn here in Winnipeg for the past 30 years or so. I don't think you can say that things before or after the new strategy are necessarily different." He said only one thing: On the ground floor the Winnipeg store sports a brand new Timothy E. shop which caters, in the parlance of men's wear, to the seven-day drop crowd (shorthand shorthand to a store was not absolutely in help). The Timothy E. shop is wood paneled and painted in a classic brown, quite the handsome spot in the store with the battery soft leather jackets and Yves St. Laurent made-to-measure. But the boutique is not just "It hasn't quite caught on," murmurs the manager

Carson that the shop as if some particularly busy were in marked in the leather black leather and dark brown ambience. In addition, Purchase's attitude. "Our customers," he says, have even come in to peer over the bookshelves a decade of recent, "are more conservative." Lussell is a little more explicit: "I'd say, be realistic, seeing at the store's specialty—good fast-food food here—that people like Renee Broderick are just a little bit—just."

On the street a student survey indicates Winnipeggers are so keen to brighten up their homes with well-designed furniture and books, however, as any trendy teenager be fashionable when Eaton's downtown store and remodelled store, boutique fashion business increased 32.5% Calgary is considered a more entrepreneurial town so it's allowed to see some of the more progressive fashion concepts housed elsewhere in the West. But Winnipeg, like Minneapolis, are expected to walk with their eyes cast down. This pioneering work of the Western consumer demands an effort to give the new merchandising policy as the result of a style of market share, the Winnipeg store and Western regions carry a lot of weight as the Eaton Empire. An exception in the West could prove fatal. But the most single-minded obstruction to the new merchandising policy comes from the outside out of power at the last.

The Image Makers: Just when moments of December 12 were reaching north, Eaton's Toronto advertising office launched a spring preview of fashion. The booklet was 52 pages and tucked into the Saturday edition of the March 8, 1976, Toronto Star. It was printed on glossy paper with color photos that took the controversial December 12 ad campaign into further. Except for one photo in some smoking shots of an airplane field, there was not a male model to be seen. What the female models were doing, however, was too much for the Canadian psyche.

The high-class booklet took a couple of fashion photography days. Eaton's, however, with the common touch, kept the booklet look and left out the high-class. Response was immediate. Credit card editors who were not to be kind of Mud from decidedly middle-class homes poured in. Every customer, "If Eaton's has been turned into a pornography shop to reduce female conservatism. I am sure that Timothy and John David are turning over in their graves at this moment." Lettered another "Eaton's gone based on bare breasts plus they never went with the change in fashion and ad style." Now. "A few letters of approval surfaced but they are not have come from the right sources." While the approach is controversial, "some one person," the article quickly is unconvincing. I feel like hanging the cartoonist on

"My friends think of Top Secret as the culmination of my 30 year career. To me it's just the beginning"

Even if Jack Baker had not achieved his lifetime goal of introducing Top Secret Canadian rye whisky, he has still managed to pick some funny and fortunate things into his life than most people ever dream of accomplishing.

"Mind you, fate of the fortunate kind had a lot to do with it. I mean what else could you call it when two men met with the last names of Baker and Cook?"



I KNEW I COULD GIVE THE PUBLIC A BETTER WHISKY AND HERE'S THE PROOF

Big Jack at that time was managing the only liquor store in Madoc. A store which he had built himself. One day another big man showed up and introduced himself as Mud Cook. Mud was an entrepreneur working in a local distillery. "You've just got to take a liking to a guy who's six foot three with a name like Mud Cook," Jack recalls

And that is exactly what happened. Jack learned about the mysteries of distilling and blending from Mud. And he never forgot those lessons.

Jack Baker left his store, became an inspector for the Liquor Control Board of Ontario, then from there to salesman for a leading distillery. Success followed Jack's every move, not that he minded one bit.

Then one day Jack figured that it had all come to an end. He and a colleague were given the task of boosting the sales of the liquor products of a company that his company had acquired. As Jack puts it, "Sales were so low on these products that they weren't even on the charts." A man with less grit would have checked his bank balance and started to read the help wanted column. Not Jack. He started to work. New products were blended. New labels and new bottles introduced.

In a few years their "baby" was in fourth place from a 16th place start. Jack's boss had given him 10 years to reach an ambitious objective. He did it in four.

Twenty years later, Jack gave up his job and the position of Executive Vice President. By then he was well respected in the industry.

Still Jack wasn't really happy. So, at the age of 57, when other men start thinking about golf and fishing as a full time job,

Jack set out again. Only this time alone. Using every bit of his knowledge, he supervised the blending of many different liquors until he finally achieved what he had been looking for over the years, Top Secret. An 8 year old Canadian rye whisky that brought joy to the taste buds of one of Canada's top blenders. And you can't do that very often.

"Mud and I used to talk about doing this and people used to ask us, 'why bother?' Well, I guess it's the same answer the mountain climber gave for climbing. Besides I love the challenge and the industry. It has given a lot to me, so I guess you'd say this is my contribution to it. I knew I could give the public a better whisky and now after all these years, here's the proof."



Jack Baker's Top Secret

The man and the whisky.



The rarest gift of all is the one that improves with age.

Few gifts grow old gracefully, but a Parker 75 isn't just pen in precious metal grown more beautiful the more it handles. Appreciated today, cherished tomorrow, Parker gift pens set from \$540 to \$550.

PARKER 75
A gift of immediate and lasting value.

my dining-room wall — permanently.”

As about the same time Eaton's new look in television commercials was going on the air. Called "Tidbits," commercials, they were produced in Vermont and were unassuming and an image rather than specific merchandise. The Eaton's people in British Columbia refused to show any of them, reasoning what they thought of models cavorting about in Timbers he isn't putting down socks in lipstick. The Western Region people greeted their north and at the store of party went took the "Timberly E" commercial, and showed as how the Atlanta Shop commercial was "delightful" for Edmonton only. The sportswear commercial, set in a peak bedroom complete with white cat and phone, chose lounge and intimate barely made it out of Ontario. H. Roschew, Eaton's advertising and sales promotion manager, insisted that "Our advertising materials don't all the commercials were highly effective." But according to inside sources, the marketing research (highly suspect at the best of times) shows that target groups who viewed the commercials have grave doubts about Timothy E.'s actual productivity and were highly skeptical that any of the starchy merchandise shown could be found at Eaton's. Liveyours as the industry agreed that the commercials which were not intended to cost about \$35,000 apiece, were suitable for production values, editing and camera work. "But," said Barry Agnew, national sales manager for Hudson's Bay, "they fly in the face of just who the department store customer is. I'm very doubtful about what they're going to do for Eaton's."

Sometime in early 1975 a commercial for Eaton's November One Shop (Jensen's Women's sportswear) was shown. The date is unclear like most details surrounding the commercial. It was a highly tightly edited piece of work, which, according to the script, depicted a "Fanny" type character in a Fifth Avenue. A lot happened during an 60-second. Models dressed out in the briefest of shorts danced their legs off around a non-descript person. When the pulsating music ended the fiddle first had taken off with a Timothy E. type. A voice breaklessly urged viewers to "Take a Look At Eaton's." One of the women taking a look was Mrs. Jerry Eaton, the indubitable widow of John David Eaton. Mrs. Eaton took a very good look. As friends tell it, she was speechless. When she had recovered herself she picked up the phone to call Ralph W. Peck, vice-president of Toronto and Ontario stores. As Peck tells it "the decision to take the commercial off the air was all mine." But the Eaton's had been smoldered and conservative fitters knew their position was compromised. The reaction was predictable. President Earl Grier informed "the estate customer who is the legal heir of our business. We must not forget her and I will not be party to a policy that has no place for her." New commen-

cials appeared with a folky touch. Jelly trials children scurried around Eaton's latest technological breakthrough "Colortone Film." Bad Sam Stearns, a merchandising and show man, "I support new merchandising strategy, but I think we have to do more product advertising and less lifestyle emphasis." Then looking out of the window he sighed. "I know some people in Eaton's will feel we move too slowly and we'll probably lose them to other stores. So be it. I wish them well."

Prognosis: The two Eaton's subsidiaries were arguing in the better broadcast section. "What do you think this thing of it?" one suddenly asked the other going into a new shipment of fashion wear canals. "Well I'm sure I don't know," was the reply, "but a constant suggested they could be used for both ways." The first subsidiary was perplexed. "I suppose so, but why do you think they'd have a job written all up the side?" "What do you expect," answered the other taking refuge in a non sequitur, "things are changing at Eaton's so fast these days."

Whatever happens with the new merchandising policy a lot of shoppers are enjoying it while it lasts. Eaton's boutiques don't look bad against the high-pressure, jewelry vendors being unco-Eaton's stores across Canada. Whether Eaton's can bring the merchandising away into every department remains to be seen. Doubtless Eaton's looks one essential significant: rudeness. New York women tell of a recent meeting with Vogue magazine. The magazine suggested sources for future suppliers. "Krisa, Colne St. Laurent," advised a Vogue editor tortoise-shell glasses meeting with excitement. "I don't think so," replied the Eaton's executive. "Most of these people have interviews with other Canadian stores." The Vogue people looked perplexed. "But continue come up for material," said the editor, "Get in there and grab them." The Eaton's executive was firm. "That," he is reported to have said, "wouldn't be our way."

The closest fact about all of this is that the corporate battle at Eaton's is not over power but philosophy. The fight for the future and identity of the Canadian pocketbook is really a debate over the values and sophistication of Canadians. Eaton's is more than a department store; it is a Canadian institution. It doesn't tell the country where to go, but it affects more adversely than practically anything else just where this country is going. In a post-industrial Canadian, why it does so at prodigious glacial speed. Better Reader's yen for top-looking chicks and Stetson ears may be flowing just when the real leading edge of our society is returning to a genuine conservatism in lifestyle and fashion. Eaton's is like a barometer showing with uncanny accuracy yesterday's weather. Knowing too much about tomorrow could be, well, just too far. ☐

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They play as superbly as they look. Precision investment cast Stainless Steel. Radialized and cambered sole. Unique brass back weighting. Pro shop only.

SPALDING

100th Anniversary

QUESTOR



Flunking French

The government's billion-dollar bilingualism program is not entirely a failure. More civil servants than ever can now order a meal in a French restaurant

By Ian Urquhart



The scene is an office in Ottawa. A junior bureaucrat—a graduate of the government's language school, which allegedly teaches French to civil servants in an average cost of \$8,150 each—answers the telephone. The voice at the other end is speaking French. The bureaucrat answers, "Un instant, s'il vous plaît"—essentially the only French he has retained from the language school—and puts the caller on hold. Then he waits 30 seconds, studies his notes, clears his throat and, disinguing his voice, returns to the telephone line on hold. "Yes, can I help you?" He has learned that it is a rare francophone who will persist in speaking French in the face of such unmanageable

It is a true story and one of many illustrating Ottawa in these days of retrenchment and reaction when even the concept of bilingualism is under attack. The government's bilingualism program is coming apart at the seams, victims of bureaucratic resistance and public apathy, even sarcasm. It was conceived in the hopeful 1960s, the era of the Just Society, when people believed all our problems could be solved with a little more time and money. Now, a decade and more than a billion dollars later (one has calculated the exact figure, \$6,000 per servant) have been sent on language courses (the figure includes some double-counting of bureaucrats who took more than one course), and people are beginning to concede that it simply isn't working.

Although widely identified with Pierre Trudeau, the program actually flows back to Lester Pearson. Faced with an increasingly restless Quebec, Pearson set up the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism in July, 1963. It was to become the source of most of the subsequent bilingualism policies, beginning, in April 1966, with Pearson's landmark statement to the House of Commons: "All citizens, he said, "should have a fair and equal opportunity to participate in the national education and to identify themselves with and feel at home in their own national capital." He set forth two primary goals: first, that the federal public should be able to deal with the federal government, whether buying stamps or filing out income tax forms, in French or English, and,

second, that civil servants should be able to communicate with the government in either language. His target for achieving the two goals was "a reasonable period of years."

Considerable progress has been made toward the first goal in the past 10 years but the second goal—the use of both French and English inside the civil service—seems as remote as ever. Despite a projected increase in the number of francophones in the civil service (see chart), English is still overwhelmingly the working language of government. Says of federal languages commissioner Keith Spence, a longtime advocate of bilingual-

ism, mostly in Quebec, is virtually excluded from the federal civil service. Trudeau himself was keenly aware of the problem before he became Prime Minister. "It seems quite distinct to me," he wrote in *Reflections And The French Cause*, "that the English-speaking majority has behaved brutally as though French Canadians were merely one of the country's other minorities with a few special privileges. The most striking example of this attitude occurs in the federal civil service, where English is at all times and purposes, the only working language." In the end, Trudeau concluded that this state of affairs is "permitted" to continue

French-speaking Canadians but also as a working language in the civil service. It was said in a memorandum of the Official Languages Act and indeed many Ottawa government workers do it as a political ploy, with little or no actual knowledge designed to spite the Tories (which it did). Very few, again led by Dorchester, voted against (1) but in fact the resolution rejected beyond the Official Languages Act the government's commitment to work "to the official language of their choice." A target date of December 31, 1978, was set for fulfilling the goal. By then, most losses and misadventures inside the civil service as well as several hundred of people dealing with the public would have to speak French. The government estimated the total would be about 15,000.

Even for an estimate it was enormously far off the mark. By the end of last year, the number of jobs designated "bilingual" (that is, jobs whose occupants must be able to speak both French and English) had climbed to 62,961. The government language school was swamped. It started out in 1964 with five teachers and 40 students. It now has more than 2,000 teachers in 14 schools across the country, 420 classrooms in all accommodating up to 10 civil servants per class. The schools serve not only civil servants holding bilingual designations, jobs at the time of the language revolution but also new civil servants who have been accepted as bilingual positions although they speak only one language. The latter are accommodated as a section of the students, as well as in processing the rights of retiring single-linguals by allowing them to compare for bilingual jobs on the condition that if accepted, they agree to learn French. They may spend up to a year at the government language school, driving government pay cheques before they put in a day's work at their new jobs. The costs amounted to \$236 million in the current fiscal year, not including \$39 million for the military which has its own bilingual program, but as Treasury Board President Jean Chrétien who doubles as the government's language czar, points out, it is only about half of what the government plans to spend in other initiatives this year (\$36 million) and less than one-third of 1% of the total budget. "Put in perspective," says Chrétien, "I don't think any reasonable person can say that we are spending too much to keep the country united."

But what are we getting for our money? That is the big question of the French school can't really speak French. Oh, they can order a meal in French or converse about the weather. A lucky few with a facility for languages, progress beyond that stage. But the vast majority of them is trained up by graduates who know why. "When I speak to French, I spontaneously drop to the intellectual level of a 12-year-old. I just can't discuss complex subjects in the language." Francophones, for their



Part of the class of '78: the spirit may be willing, but the tongue is weak



men: "We're being asked the Quebecers all sorts of silly tales for 10 years to the effect that Ottawa can be far better, better national capital, Canada is their country and so on. But when they have come to this massively English civil service, they have found that they have been scattered throughout the civil service and that there was no way that they could use French properly."

To English-speaking Canadians, this may not seem a very great problem but to a French-speaking Quebecer the overwhaling Englishness of the civil service poses a direct oppositionist barrier. Despite the common assumption outside Quebec that all francophones speak English as well as their mother tongue, only one third of them do. The remaining two

would lead inevitably to ignorance. Pearson's policy statement on bilingualism was more to broad oil vapors and keep the country united and at the outset the country's faith with Chrétien's favor, gave the program general, even enthusiastic support. Trudeau made bilingualism a major plank in the Liberal Party platform in the 1968 election, and the results spoke for themselves. But the concept of bilingualism was sold to the public on the basis of Pearson's first pledge, that francophones be able to use their language in communicating with the federal government. Little attention was made of the second one, that French was to be a language of work inside the civil service. The much belated Official Languages Act introduced by the Trudeau government in 1969 was supported by all but 17 seats at the time, with John Diefenbaker of course in the lead. It makes no direct reference to language of work.

The second goal had not been forgotten so much as put off. After the 1972 election, the government entered and a resolution in the House of Commons aimed at giving parliamentary backing to the use of French not only as a language of service to

Spence keeping up with Ian Jones?

WHEN I SWITCH TO FRENCH I DROP TO THE INTELLECTUAL LEVEL OF A 12-YEAR-OLD

part, grow impatient with anglophones struggling to speak "broken French" and after a vague outburst in "the other official language" switch back to English. Everybody then sighs in relief and carries on working in the language that was used in the federal civil service 10, 20 or 300 years ago. English.

The government is now less than three years from its self-imposed deadline for a civil service in which people can work in the language of their choice, and a state of panic is starting to set in. What if all the French-speaking civil servants suddenly refused to speak English? The whole civil service could grind to a halt. Indeed, everybody did once on speaking French for a few weeks last year in the offices of the Unemployment Insurance Commission in Montreal. Periodically there are threats that it will happen again on a more widespread basis. Faced with such problems, the government has begun, over so subtly, to redefine its goal. Says Christine "Some will argue that the fantasy of the anglophone [bureaucrat] in French is a quest for quiet. With this, I cannot agree. But



Children will be the only money can buy

what is the most important thing is to create the proper mentality. One of the systems is not perfect and I think that we are achieving that. Of course, you can go as far as department and say [to someone] 'You're supposed to be bilingual' and you talk with him and he has to struggle. This is one of the problems that is, this is secondary. What is important is to make the French language a language with a presence within the public service in Ottawa, and I think we have achieved that."

Certainly, the atmosphere has changed

The use for dinner of the government (unemployed) students



French is much more accepted in Ottawa now than it was before. In 1986 Conservative leader B. Mulroney announced a government bill to make the currency bilingual on the grounds that it would militate against "tension between races." But it is doubtful whether a change in atmosphere will satisfy the francophones who must work in English. And it is questionable whether to accomplish such a change the government had to send so many civil servants to school. If it weren't so expensive, the language-school boom might be fairly, although it's no joke for middle-level civil servants whose careers are on the line and find it difficult, if not impossible to learn a second language. For younger civil servants a stint at the language school, with its hours of classes a day, can be tantamount to paid holidays. (Published in *Info Second-Language*)

Lead "Speaker" with them. But older civil servants often resent being transferred off to school again and are embarrassed by their lack of fluency in a second language meant for their younger counterparts. Most of whom are their juniors. Says one 35-year-old student at the language school: "You see excellent performance better than ever before. Personally, I love it. But I can feel the tension." There was a 56-year-old man in that class who grew so tense he began to affect the other students and had to be moved. Even among the younger, more motivated students, there are problems. "You start off pretty idealistic," says one. "But, because it's like going to school again, you become obedient. At first, everybody spoke French religiously during the breaks. Now, it's really a chore. There's a lot of giggling in the classes, but I haven't giggled in years. I guess it's related to tension. Anyway, you feel sort of stupid."

The enthusiasm reduced last summer when the program was not working. In a confidential Treasury Board report it was told that graduates of the language school were not really bilingual and were not using their French. "Phase Two" of the program, which emphasizes Union Wielding in French (UWU), as bureaucrats, was launched in September. About 1,000 civil servants would be put in 1991, in which French would be the exclusive language of work, with a set percentage of senior officials from each department to be included. It sounded like a workable program, but the civil service fought back. First, the secret background documents behind the reform scheme were leaked, showing that the government is considerably overburdened. Then, public service unions kicked up a storm. Finally, individual departments fought back, choosing cut-of-the-way sections of the bureaucracy to fulfill their requirements, thereby defeating the purpose of the plan. As a result, the government is now reexamining the concept.

But it will take more than a little rethinking with the unions to rescue the bilingual program from the current of criticism to which it has steadily been subjected. It used to be relatively immune to attack, because critics ran the risk of being labeled bigots. All this changed with the publication of a March 14 report on civil servants in the program by officials. It was a go-around. Like the little boy who saw the emperor had no clothes, Spicer exposed the facade from the program and laid bare its flaws. He exposed that language training for civil servants—at, so he described it, "roadside old dogs the new truck of obsolescence in two languages"—is not paying off. He did a survey of language-school graduates and found that 53% of the anglophones saw their French less than 25% of the time (at work, and 13% do not use a civil servant). The government is now basing its second report on language training this one by University of Montreal professor Gilles

Bibeau, which is expected to be released in July and which is said to come to conclusions quite similar to Spicer's.

Where should the government stand? Spicer's solution is simple: phase out the teaching of basic French (and English) to civil servants by 1996 and put the money saved into the elementary and high schools, where French would be made a compulsory subject. As an added incentive, Spicer would make French a prerequisite for entry to university. He reasons he is backing the trend toward liberalization of school curricula. "I'm quite prepared to be called an accidental fascist." Moreover, he would put another

condition on the phasing out of civil service language training: he would make grounding in French mandatory for all new candidates for government jobs at the university graduate level after 1986. [In his report he referred to this only as a "desirable goal." It's almost as if discussions with public service unions in his private belief that such a requirement should be mandatory.] To anglophones who might accuse the phasing out of government language training but still wish to make a basic knowledge of French a prerequisite to entry into the civil service Spicer says, you have to take the "whole package." Otherwise, the clock would be turned back to 1986.



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Gin with a difference TANQUERAY



ubly suggested
by its name and
its bottle.

Smoothly
confirmed by
its taste.
Try it.

Speaker's proposal to give language training back to the schools is not new. It has been advocated in the past by such allegedly anti-French Tories as Len Austin, the Minister for whom Robert Stanfield would not have in his party because of his stand on bilingualism (Speaker holds in the comparison to Jones, saying it's like comparing Joan of Arc to Elmer Gantry, and pointing out that he has supported bilingualism while Jones taught the Official Languages Act right up to the Supreme Court). But whereas the government can discount Jones, it has to listen to Speaker. In a natural reaction, perhaps understandably was defensive. Secretary of State Hugh Faulkner noted the government already plans to give \$104 million to the provinces this year for second-language education to the schools and has made heavy contributions in the past. Said Faulkner: "It really isn't a problem of under-funding. It's a problem of attitude. It's a problem of finding enough adequate teachers. It's a problem of political will at the provincial level and at the level of the school boards. It's a problem of the success of the kids and their parents. Only marginally is it a problem of resources." There was also concern about Speaker's suggestion that a basic knowledge of French and English should be mandatory for prospective civil servants in the future. There is a fear that such a policy could lead to a civil service dominated by francophones because bilingual people are, by and large, francophones (in the 1971 census, 1,871,210 of the 2,900,150 people remaining to be bilingual were francophones).

In fact, those averages it is happening already. Statistics published last month by the Public Service Commission show that of the 21,004 people appointed to bilingual positions in the civil service in 1975 more than half, 12,576, were francophones. The reason is quite simple: the people doing the hiring do not want to lose the person being hired for a year while he takes language training. Says one senior civil servant: "When I'm hiring, the very concern of whether or not a person is bilingual. If he's not, he better be 30% better than his competition, because I'm assessed on the output of my whole group, and if I have a unilingual person I'm going to have to lose him good-bye for a year while he goes to language school." Treasury Board President Christie laughs off the suggestion that the old problem of too few francophones in the civil service could be replaced by one of too few anglophones. "It will never happen," he says. "The adaptability of the anglophones is fantastic."

But Christie takes the Speaker quite seriously. He says he agrees in general with the proposal to phase out government language training programs and to make the knowledge of both languages a prerequisite to a civil service job. The problem, he says, is saving and the provincial education departments. "At the provincial

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SPICER'S OWN MOTHER TURNS CANS IN THE SUPERMARKET TO HIDE THE FRENCH LABELS

level, there is a consensus that something should be done, but there's not the will to do it. And we cannot step in and do it for them. In my own province now, some people are arguing that the francophones should not learn English. I am embarrassed it's difficult coming from Quebec telling others what to do. But I think that in all the provinces, for someone who goes to university, a prerequisite should be that he has an adequate knowledge of the other language." A task force under Chretien will study both the Spicer and Bibeau reports before he reports to cabinet on the issue. That could take up to a year. Some of the policies likely to be considered are the current plan to split the costs of new language training courses with the provinces) and the stock (withholding federal grants to universities that do not make the knowledge of both languages a prerequisite to entrance).

However, any effort to build a national commitment for teaching Canadian children both French and English could founder on the rocks of the bilingualism backlash that has been building for a dec-

ade and now threatens to split the country. The signs are everywhere. Spicer says even his own mother turns cans around on supermarket shelves in the Francophone of the label is not facing outward. In Vancouver, efforts to establish a French-language television station have met with incredible resistance. And one anglophone in a letter to the Canadian Radio-Television Commission, "I'm sick to death of all this special consideration for the French. We don't need any part of them out here." Said another, "The French television stations is more highly symbolic of the run-a-down-year-three policy than any other official gesture. It could lead to bloodshed." In Ontario's Niagara region, citizens have reacted to a proposal to create a "bilingual dam" to ensure that the francophones there (they make up roughly 17% of the population of Welland, for example) have access to federal services in French as if someone had proposed making the region a unit for a nuclear bomb test. A common name, frankly named Bilingual Backlash, has been coined to fight the proposal. The government, taken aback by the criticism, has gone to implementing the plan.

The Conservatives, who advocate a policy on bilingualism akin to "bilingual respect," blame the Liberals and particularly Trudeau for causing this backlash by pushing the program too hard and too fast. The Liberals tend to blame the reaction on a breakdown in communication and on

weighty history. Whatever the cause, according to Liberal MP Pierre De Borne, a strong supporter of bilingualism, the divisive forces are gaining. "It's really disturbing," he says. "Just don't think people in this country are stupid enough to pay the price to keep Canada united."

Spicer, always the optimist, takes a more positive view. "Poling through the thickets outside, one senses somewhat hindered by this a year ago to spot contours of a more secure Canadian citizen on language. On the surface, linguistic intergroup animosity abroad, as does anguish (and) or begins with the horror of seeing a country trying to come to terms with its diverse reality. To hear some worthy people, bilingualism is to blame for all Canada's problems—from unemployment to skewed abortion, from biceps to hurricanes. But behind the veneer of a minority, one hears as both linguistic communities a plausibility of opinion that wants our country's language hard, not ahead. Most Canadians wish and intend to stay open-minded. More and more, though often dismayed by perceived waste or misuse in its application, they accept the principle of linguistic equality as part of a sensible Canada. To say that Canadians are getting more realistic about their language heritage may not sound ecstatic enough to please some political poets. But realism is a good basis for any relationship including even one between groups."

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Jimmy Carter saves

America is looking for a messiah, which is why the former governor of Georgia will probably win the Democratic nomination, and maybe even the Presidency

By Walter Stewart

The spotlight shined down from the back of McFarlan Auditorium in Dallas, Texas, focused on the man who stood grinning at center stage, acknowledging the arrival of 2,800 rednecks in the crowd. Behind him, a crowd-and-whispering conclusion CUTTER, not musician; but he doesn't need signs, not any more. Who could turn him? The shock of graying brown hair, the hand raised beside his shoulder—a traffic cop flapping down the wings, the signature—the slight, blue-veined figure, the smile displaying more every than a regular elephant, it had to be Jimmy Carter, peasant farmer, nuclear engineer, ex-governor and, according to the folk in McFarlan Auditorium, the next President of the United States.

Could he? It hadn't taken Carter too seriously until that night, two nights before his smashing victory in the Texas primary. But I take him seriously now. Not because he's a great orator—Ronald Reagan's louder. Moreo Uda's winner, our own Joe Clark is smoother—but because he's a businessman with a better product than he needs. He makes them all, from Gary

Ford to George Wallace, from Henry Jackson to Ronald Reagan, look like back-tires pushing themselves in.

Much of his success is in his style. He is one of the few politicians to grasp the significance of the microphone—he never shouts, waves his arms or bangs his fist. He talks softly, with a Georgia lilt, and we all lean forward to catch his words. "I'll never lie to you," he says. "I'll never mislead you, or betray your trust." It isn't true, but he says it so softly, so slowly, that we have to believe. He understands tolerance, too. Gerald Ford, a quiet fellow at his desk, tends to stomp and belittle before an audience. So do most politicians. Scoop Jackson, on a public platform, sounds like a cowboy charge. It goes well in an audition, but on camera these crowd pleasers look better. You don't want a man in your living room wailing and shrieking. Carter sounds like a charming neighbor who dropped in for a casual chat.

But there's more to Carter than style. At the end of his standard, 20-minute speech he lowers his voice still further, leans forward and radiating sincerity lays down

his double whammy. "It's your country. It's your country... I want for it to work for us to work. Together, for a change. With respect, for a change. With a minimum of money, for a change... There is a decline of leadership, there is a leadership, hopelessness, drift. I don't have all the answers, but I'll bring to the President's job my strength and my courage, and my faith in people like you who don't want anything for themselves out of politics who only want to see a government that's so good, so decent, true, fair and competent and idealistic and filled with love as the American people themselves."

I had heard this line in Florida and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, and I could never understand why such a cluster of clichés brought the crowd up roaring. In Texas, it came to me: that it not just another bawling politician bragging up his country. This is a fresh border promising to lay hands on the best police and to make it whole. Duty God, how the Americans want that. How they need it. When I began to travel regularly in the United States, 15 years ago, what appalled me about the Americans was their notion that they were the center of the universe, their country that the American Way was the only way. It which they had some of that insurance back. They have lost their self-confidence: their nerve, their faith. They have become convinced that their leaders are liars, their businessmen crooks, their public servants cruel assassins. They vote self-hatred and the sign of it is everywhere—in an NBC-TV poll that showed 68% of respondents agreeing that "the government does not care about people like me"; in George Gallup's observation that "there has never been a time in the 40 years that we have been conducting our survey that we have found the population to be so pessimistic"; in presidential Bill Moyet's crack that "Watergate and Vietnam were some nightmare for an original American on the rim of optimism." We were fixated going into the McFarlan Auditorium and required to run our tape recorder, to show they were not sceptics (a local journalist with dual batteries gave the security guards a rough moment). On the way out, I was handed a brochure saying me to buy a



Carter, with Rosalynn: Bed on his side



A photograph of a street scene in a small town. On the left, there is a row of buildings, including a two-story structure with a sign that reads "1". A street sign is visible on the corner. The street is paved and appears to be a main thoroughfare. The background shows more buildings and a clear sky.

Lillian Carter, the candidate's mother and source of his "liberalism," the church where he found *This World, Plains, Ga., Seal*, where the Carters are the pastors

Back home, he worked his money and edged into politics on County board of education. What of white citizens complained to him because the site of a new black school would force blacks and whites down the same street. Carter petitioned, passed unanimously. Black school be moved. On the site he hurried in vain against a move his own church, Pilgrimage Baptist, had

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Lillian Carter, the candidate's mother and source of his "Bibleism": the church where he heard *The Word*; Plains, Ga., 1961, where the Carters are the pastor.



Carter on his new farm in Georgia: poor farm, his brother Billy in the farm storehouse, and the farm itself which, despite his claim that he's just a fella, has helped put his personal net worth at \$888,000

of the question quickly and said, "No, no, no. I thought about schools so it mostly set up to get around the law, and he favored it as a question." In his red-neck guise, Carter was kind of in 1970 then turned his back on the segregationists and declared that the time for race discrimination was over. He made a wealthy (and valuable) owner out of Carter Mudlick. He also opened a pizza joint in Milledge.

Carter makes much of his four years as governor. His signature triumph, "When I was elected governor we had 300 state agencies. We abolished all but 22 of them

and set up a simple system that cut administrative costs by 50%." He promises to work a similar muscle in Washington. In fact, Carter didn't abolish all those agencies—he merely regrouped them under 22 supervisors. The state payroll went up by 30% during his tenure—from \$3,000 to \$4,000 civil servants—and funding for the governor's office rose 60%. Total government costs also shot up, some of Carter's aides has ever explained where the "50%" cost cut figure came from. Carter also says he left the state with a budget surplus of \$146 million, but in fact he inherited a surplus of \$50 million and left one of \$43 million, a depletion of \$40 million (and it could be asked why any state with substantial schools, appalling jails and meager social services should have a surplus at all). He was not a bad governor—he enacted modest reforms in the education and penal systems, developed health care programs and traveled the state to listen to complaints from ordinary citizens. But he was not the whiz he claims to be. When he audits himself, for example, with opening "136 day-care centers for the retarded and using welfare mothers to staff them," he is stretching a long bow. He established 136, not 136, community centers for the retarded, but the notion of using welfare mothers remain a duan (Carter describes these concentrated ladies as "some of our best workers." He may be right). He did put a portrait of Martin Luther King Jr. in the state capital, but that was in 1974, long after he had decided to run for President. The picture may have been genuine, but it was useless.

If Carter's Georgia term is to be read into the record for the Presidential race, it should include the King portrait and the speech he made on George Wallace Appreciation Day, his statement that the Vietnam war was immoral and his plea on behalf of President Richard Nixon and Lieutenant William Calley just a couple of boys trying to do their job, his failure to pardon for American youth should be included in his promise—shortly after the Kent State University killings—to send national guards onto Georgia campuses with live ammunition, to put down disorder "even before violence erupts."

The man's extraordinary flexibility—if that's the word—has trickled from his Georgia years into the Presidential campaign. During the Iowa primary, he managed to collect conservative votes by sounding as if he was against abortion and liberal votes for soundness in favor. In Milwaukee, he told a black audience that he was for school integration and brought down the house, a few hours later he told a white audience, "We need mandatory busing in Atlanta, and it didn't work" and brought down that house. The message is not entirely unambiguous. It is possible to have integration without forced busing, although blacks find it hard to believe. The discrepancy is in the emphasis, not in the outright lie. When calling Americans to pre-

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new designs on 13 members of the British Liberal Party. The "volunteer," Frederick Chomman, turned up on one television, much to the delight of his fellow-regulars in the Walnut Tree, a pub in Kent. "Freddie always lived his little joke," said the pubman.

Franks told the South Africans were taking the situation seriously. Their ambassador to the Court of St James's, De Cart de Wet, lodged to the Foreign Office to complain of a plot against his country and relations between London and Pretoria were at a new low. Not only did he complain in the Thorpe case but South African connections that the South African embassy because caught up in another more cranky affair involving a blue film and its so-called immoral British politicians and to play a "swartje rol" in it.



Mass twilight for the code

early April, at Mao's virtual successor, has yet to consolidate his authority. Almost unknown, even to millions of Chinese, Huo leads a shaky and perhaps temporary coalition of radical Maoist partisans, pragmatic moderates, and conservatives. After promulgation of the "two-war decisions" (to promote Huo, and curtail neo-pragmatists) from Mao, his early and

Teng's denouncing they would "obey Chairman Mao to the death." But that *paraphrase* act of fealty has still failed to give the new Premier the kind of all-out support he will need to survive the inevitable crisis when Mao dies. So a massive drive for support has been launched. What's even more from the Ministry of Public Security (a portfolio he still holds) recently toward the more loudly provincial capitals and ordered a crackdown on any sign of "capitalist roaders like Teng Hsiao-ping."

In midday a joint editorial of the *People's Daily* newspaper, the *Red Flag* theoretical journal and the military's own *Liberation Army* Daily frankly described the problem: "The flagships of the renegade line, like Lin Biao-chie, Lin Piao and Teng Hsiao-ping, hold a very large proportion of the party and state power. The power they hold could be used to recruit deserters and renegades, form cliques to serve their own selfish interests, rig up a bourgeois headquarters, formulate a occasional line and push it from top to bottom."

Such activities may already be happening within the subterranean political currents that flow almost unseen across China. Outside observers noted a strange array of accounts in which seemed to confirm that China is far more involved than Peking pretends. While Peking propaganda cited dramatic increases in national oil and mineral and resource production, shipments of railway exports were erratic. The Philippines and at several oil shipments were down. Cement deliveries to Hong Kong were interrupted. Japanese importers were told that most shipments

of soybeans would not be sent as scheduled. Traders at the spring Cienega trade fair were disappointed by shortages of some goods. More to the point, a man identified thus far only as a "counterrevolutionary" attempted to bomb the Soviet embassy in Peking, killing two guards.

From reports of important party meetings being held in known boogie spots such as Chongqing, Chongzhou and Hingzhou, Hun's new regime is deeply convinced that firm control is reestablished over the wake of the April demonstrations when as 100,000 demonstrators took to the streets in Anso square. As though to prove that the ruling "great leader" wins still directing the country's affairs, Peking propaganda is also looking for new inspiration from Hun's "wild" and "unruly" youth. In the past 1,000 years from now!" Mao likes to see his followers: "There is always a need for revolution." Because he explained to people "don't like big show, oppression, there."

—JAPANESE PRESS (1989)

HAROLD ELLIOTT

THESE

Make room for Teddy

The U.S. Presidential race has summerized again, raising the prospect that both the Republicans and Democratic candidates will emerge from the numerous smoke-filled rooms of the party conventions. It was typical of this topsy-turvy year that hardly had the neo-consolidacy of Senator Robert H. Taft passed been confirmed than a new effort was launched by Democratic congressmen to draft him into the race. The move attracted neither Taft's sup-

Cashing in on the Norman Conquest

A Canadian firm hopes to create a statue centred around the most famous date in British history—1066. To commemorate Raphael International Ltd. plans to buy the site of the Battle of Hastings, where William the Conqueror defeated King Harold. The site is now part of a 573-acre estate which is also a scheduled in London June 24. The statue includes the name of Battle Abbey, founded by King William in thanksgiving for his victory. The abbey's high altar is said to cover the exact spot where Harold was fatally struck in the eye by an arrow.

Some local people fear that North-American-style commercialism will dis-

posed the university just north of Hastings, where there is now a small industrial town called Berth. But the company is steering to alloy suspense. "If we can get the go-ahead with that scheme it will be very serious and timely," says David Brown, Ripley's vice-chairman. Ripley expects the site to attract up to 300,000 people a year, once it is fully developed. Ripley plans to stage reenactments of the historic battle and would try to recreate the topography of 1666.

The family, who the abbey and the hospital be-
lieved "It is backed by an Anglo-French
(freemasonry society called Sovereign Nor-
mandie. Bill Dyer, a Middle resident who
has been connected with Sovereign Nor-
mandie for 25 years said "The Battle of
Hastings brought about the foundation of
the true English race, and everything pos-
sible must be done to use that the battle-
field and the abbey become a national
monument." Mayor John Hodgson has
called on the British government to take
over the site, but the estimated cost of \$1.5
million makes such a move unlikely. Mr.
Dyer, who is 60, said he had never covered
the battle since, a very risky move, given
the news of the proposed sale—for finan-
cial reasons—by the family system made
him famous.

Rapity is no stranger to Europe. It runs the Trovok museum in Copenhagen and a workshop in Blackpool in North America. It is best known for its syndicated newspaper feature, *Believe It Or Not*. Britain's newspapers have joined the fray over the HBG sale. "One in the eye for Britain," declared the *Daily Mail*. But not all Englishmen were horrified. One wrote to *The Times*: "I am an Englishman and can see no good reason to preserve the site of the most gnomish defeat in our nation's history."



The Battle of Hastings as seen by an old engraver: his shows daily, being the tide

The Fante whistle-stopping in Mankpan: Ghoo-Ghoo Gna vs. The Big Banana

proved out more significantly, his opposition. At the same time, and more surprisingly, Senator Edward Kennedy's name

Primary results from Michigan and Maryland showed windings into hot prospects. President Gerald R. Ford, on the brink of oblivion, won two convincing victories over challenger Ronald Reagan in his home state of Michigan the President-elect lost to Jimmy Carter in Maryland, but two-to-one, Ford also outbanned the Maryland results, which summed Reagan's delegates led to 78-59 to 432. Ford was not at all unrealistic, because he sensed likely to lose the ensuing series of southern primaries. But there was some good news

has the strength to stop Carter, but a coalition might. That the stories of Humphrey and Kennedy

Ford campaigned in Michigan by train, whale-sucking through the East country-side. If the attention of most of the locals who gathered along the tracks was anything to go by, it was one prize rather than another of Ford that drew their votes. Ford received only polite applause for his "what-a-jood-job I've done" speeches delivered from a narrow platform at the back of his blue-and-silver roadster car. Most of the crowd consisted of prizefighters and bookies. Ford had been awarded if his constant blatherings were something more than superficial sops. "I have never let you down in the future, and I won't let you down in the... er, future," Ford said a crowd in Grand Rapids.

at the White House while Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller tried the 120 seconds earned New York delegates be controlled to back the President. It was a favor that will have to be repaid, and should Ford be elected, Rockefeller may well be given first crack at Henry Kissinger's job as Secretary of State.

There was drama, too, among the Democrats. Front-runner Carter found his handswing slowed by a defeat in Maryland and a very narrow win in Michigan. The ebullient young governor of California, Edmund "Jerry" Brown, only 20 days a candidate, won Maryland by an impressive 72 percent point and enjoyed the support of the state's liberal establishment. His closest opponent, 50 the conservative

Meanwhile, Reagan flew into Michigan from California aboard a jet painted brilliant yellow. He dubbed it "The Big Banana," and he drew capacity audiences and was ovationed with such lines as "Well, it's a banana out of the chameleon and the banana is out of the chameleon and out of light, I'll send them to you." In the end, it was the Republican party machine that saved Ford. There was tension aboard the "Presidential Express," and although Ford tried to appear nonchalant by having Post Secretary Rich Newman whisper that the train was known as "Choo Choo-Doo," White House officials had trouble laughing. Corcoran, Betty Ford seemed to have a normal response after her husband did not win the election. "I'm not a loser," she said.

At the July convention in New York, Brown is expected to win in California next month, to further his cause. In Michigan, Carter narrowly defeated the most liberal of the Democratic challengers, Representative Morris Udall, by less than one percentage point. All of the following on the heels of Carter's earlier defeat by Senator Frank Church in Nebraska probably robbed the Georgian of a first-ballot nomination. Individually, no Democrat

With the situation so fluid, it was all but impossible to compile an accurate delegate count. Some candidates added off-catchy, uncommitted delegates to their totals. In the so-called "crucial states" that emerge to do without primaries, delegates seemed to shell allegiance almost haphazardly. But as the primary campaign headed into the final stretch, Carter remained a solid front-runner and Ford and Reagan were running almost head to head. The convention will decide.

WILLIAM LOWMYER

WILL I HAVE TO PAY TAXES?

People



Gzowski: there 'are out and ship 'are down

It's understandable, perhaps even forgiveable, that a born-and-bred son of savvy Ontario would look on more northern climes as less than accommodating. But **Donny Carter** may have gone too far in one of his "When Was President?" column pieces, he promises a blanket pardon for all deaf readers. "I think these kids who have lived in Sweden or Canada... have been punished enough."

A couple of years ago, when **Peter Gzowski** will be doing the CBC's *The Country In The Morning*, he and his crew did a series of broadcasts from the Far

North. In Tuktoyaktuk, Gzowski got involved in a game with the local kid called Ekimoo High-Kick. The object is to run, leap high, touch a piece of urethane with one foot, then land on the other. Gzowski landed on his shoulder, separating it rather severely. The show, after Gzowski's departure, went through a number of bumps and some changes, but the tradition apparently lives on. In mid-May, guests **Marguerite MacDonald** (showcasing out of Calgary, put on a hang-gliding exhibition for her listeners. They leaped her up, and they leaped her come down with a "defiant crunch, and a deflating silence." They missed the whopper that accompanied a badly broken wrist.



Gzowski and crew, for his next trick...

Agnew does purple
A writer himself, Gzowski commented that with such passages as "The current downer faster and before the clock had moved 20 minutes, the mile circuit is making waves over the hills and deposited in the tranquil pool of silent doom."

Perre Trudeau may be a political model for California governor Jerry Brown, but in terms of fragility Brown is a much more sensitive of the **Joe Clark**, especially **Maureen McTeau**. "Maureen has a built-by respect for the people's gaze," remarks Cecilia Humphreys, the Ottawa architectural consultant who is helping the Clark redesign St. Lawrence, home of the Leader of the Opposition. "They say I've been at updating money around." For instance, only the public view are expected to be reformed, and part of the firm-

ture is supplied by the Department of Public Works (it will be reformed, however). The place, with its new bedrooms and six bathrooms, was virtually empty after the Stadafids left, and since the



McTeau: she should take it on board

Clark had spent most of their Ottawa stay on an apartment they had lived in (it is with "I think" McTeau says). The assumption is that anyone who would live there would be established and have things. All the furniture was in it in the day.

If anyone is still wondering why and how the U.S. lost in Vietnam, consider this glimpse into the headquarters of General **William Westmoreland**, the American commander. One day in his Saigon office he was handed him a slip of paper: "I have a message but I just want to wish you well." West folded the paper and wrote: "Thank you very much." For him folded the paper and explained (in a strange) that while he couldn't speak he could hear perfectly well. The general took the paper folded in for a third time picked up his pen, and wrote: "I hope your confidence improves."

If, in the coming months, you read that the chairman of the federal Anti-Dumping Tribunal has sworn on a solemn Bible that no-shipping foreign goods will ever again be allowed into the country to be put under investigation, it's not because of a C-Canadian trade. It's because **Clayton J. Anderson**, general government jobs and running McTeau's Canada, and last December 1, as speculation mounted about Indo-Cor's imminent demise, D'Amigos made a motto to his people: telling them to share good the market. After five years of public statements, we are probably better prepared than many others to absorb such prima notions. Seventeen days later Indo-Cor was canceled.

Sports

We've got this ringer, and he's legal and he's good, but...



Badger: it matters not that he's not who or less, but how Canada plays the game

Among things that often go unquestioned in the history are the quality of our people, the strengths of Anne Murray and the whims of our chance of winning an Olympic medal in Montreal. But one of those untested assumptions may face its common-sense challenge if Australian Stephen Badger wins a place on Canada's Olympic team this year. Badger, 35, a resident of Winnipeg since November 1974 and enrolled in last-year Arts at the University of Manitoba, is ranked sixth in the world as the 400-meter hurdler and a silver medalist in the 1980-meter events in which Canada has no previous Olympic medalists. He is a member of the 1980-meter events in which Canada has no previous Olympic medalists. He is a member of the 1980-meter events in which Canada has no previous Olympic medalists.

Badger himself, who spent a lot of time in the past few years in the United States, is a member of the 1980-meter events in which Canada has no previous Olympic medalists. He is a member of the 1980-meter events in which Canada has no previous Olympic medalists. He is a member of the 1980-meter events in which Canada has no previous Olympic medalists.

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the top three. It doesn't matter if you break the world record if you're fifth."

Only three countries from one country can compete in an event—and then only if they meet or break the Olympic standard. "At the moment, as Stephen's event—the 400 and the 1500 (hurdle)—there aren't more than three Canadian qualifiers," says Arken Currie, executive director of the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association. Adds the Canadian Olympic Committee: "It's completely against the Canadian attitude I think they've spoiled. They expect privileges because they've worked hard. What about all the new badges has done? He wants to swim at the Olympics. Why shouldn't he try?"

"But if foreign athletes are allowed to try, we shouldn't be getting finances into the youth of the nation," says Gzowski. "We should be giving them to recruit from other countries." They're right, says Gzowski himself, suggesting that England—which might have made him more sympathetic to Badger's cause. "I guess I've been a Canadian too long," he says. And for some St. Stephen's Badger hasn't been a "Canadian" long enough. **JOHN GZOSKI**

You don't get medals for guts

As Canada's top track and field athletes come charging out of their training blocks at Olympic trials in Quebec City and Montreal, the odds are stacked against them. In fact, on the Canadian Olympic team, a 20-year-old, 160-pounder, 5'10" tall, 160 pounds (small by Canadian standards) and a Canadian record (181 feet, nine inches) and second best in North America. Three days before departing for Munich, Olympic selectors decided the 47 members contained too large a track and field team—though all 47 had qualified. Martin and most others were dropped from the team. Six flew to Munich as a special courtesy of the federal government.

Unnoticed by adversity, and believing that these setbacks actually improve with age, Martin has continued to train and compete in various disciplines. She took a full university course, graduating last year, and held a dual diploma in sports management. At the Commonwealth Games in New Zealand two years ago, she came down with viral pneumonia but still managed to win a bronze medal. "In all my years in track and field," says



Ron McHenry is sharply antitaxing that his new location is now successful. Age and experience seem to be confirming his long-held intuition. His closest fellow-feeling is probably for the gains of his lonely and demanding profession in the United States and Europe. Two thirds of his subscriptions are from outside Canada, and he regards attempts to portray his profession as health-care Canada threat to naive "Money," he says. "No one mentions it on TV."

PETER HENRIKSON

Out from a different cloth

Ottawa's 1990 national textile policy was supposed to harmonize the interests of both consumers and the textile and clothing industries by means of a single independent tribunal. But last month the Senate banking, trade and commerce committee, in an interim report on its investigation into reasons behind textile layoffs a year ago, asserted that the policy has failed. Imports of textile and clothing goods held 34% by volume of the Canadian market in 1975, up from 26% in 1964, compared to 30% in the European Economic Community, 12% in the United States and 30% in Japan. Industry spokesmen argued loudly that either they are greatly restricted, similar to that enjoyed by their foreign competitors, the jobs of their more than 300,000 workers will be threatened.

Admittedly, only the primary textile producers and garment manufacturers have been heard from. Although some garment manufacturers believe foreign imports enable them to buy material cheaper, their industry is not in a state of as acute as the more homogeneous textile producers. Imports and the Competition Administration of Canada will be arguing against measures. Currently, Canada limits imports of 12 primary textile products, plus men's and boys' tailored shirts, to about a dozen countries. Cheaper, heavier and lighter textiles are now being produced. Canada also imposes relatively high duties on apparel ranging from roughly 17% to 27% of the shopper's price.

By far the largest percentage gain in imports took place in clothing. From 1970 to 1975, imports soared by 30%, against growth in the whole clothing market, domestic plus imports, of only 15%. Increasingly, imports are undermining the medium price range from their traditional territory at the bottom end of the market. The implications for Quebec in particular are serious. Two thirds of the nation's clothing industry is located in the province, where it is the second-largest manufacturing employer. The industry's average wage in Quebec is about four dollars an hour. In some Far Eastern countries, it is less than 50 cents. Canadian manufacturers, unable to compete, are uprooting and even replacing their lines with foreign apparel. "I met more Canadian middle-aged friends on one brief trip to Hong Kong, a short time ago," reports one garment industry executive, "than I

annually see in a week at Montreal."

The Senate inquiry is not the only one in progress. Don Jamieson, Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce, has set up a temporary group from business and government to recommend short-term relief measures. His department also began its own internal review more than a year ago, with no word on when it may be completed. Ironically, some areas of the primary textile industry have been quickly singing their own recovery story. In August, without waiting for Ottawa. Except for the double-knit sector, which is globally depressed, employment is now rising a new high. Despite their stern words about the need for stability to ensure continued investment, one just days after its conclusion may well be too happily absorbed in the upswing of their notoriously cyclical industry to care by the time the reports are finally issued.

ALAN GRAY

The fastest mouth in the west

Bob Pomeroy likes to tell his students: "If you can't make a dollar in the service business, you can't make a dollar." Pomeroy ought to know. He's been selling hats and shoes in the Red Deer, Alberta, area for 20 years. Now, as a partner in Canada's only school for auto service, he's selling—actually—a \$150 course that, to date, has graduated 290 men and women eager to take up their greaves and talk. And more. And prosper. Alberta autoowners are said to run from a few hundred dollars to \$75,000 a year. Only four years established, the Western Canada School of Automobiles in Lacombe, Alta., already has its roster of successful alumni. The graduate from Peter River, for example, who bought a million dollars worth of lumber and real estate. Or the young man from Edmonton who introduced tramp accounts to the West and who now has a flourishing plastics business. Or Alvin

Spicer, one of a dozen women graduates, who holds daily seminars in Slave Lake, Alta., and who is studying Cote in hopes of bringing Indians into her first-classing world.

"Autoins are just coming into their own," says Pomeroy, 47. He cites the growing mobility of Canadians (they are more prepared to sell off household goods than their parents were) and inflation (as prices rise, people tend to buy more used items and pay more for them) as the principal reasons for the sector's boom. As the industry has grown it has become increasingly regulated. "Until 1971, you could license a purple pig as an auto-insurer," says Roger Holten, the 41-year-old lawyer who retired Pomeroy in founding the school. Since 1971 Alberta has instructed licensees to graduate of accredited schools, of which Lacombe's is the sole example. It offers their two-week courses each year, and includes room-and-board in its tuition. On the curriculum: bookkeeping, clerking, legal aspects of the trade and, of course, how to cheat and court.

"It's amazing," says Pomeroy, "the number of people who can't count backwards. Some of them can't even count forward to 100." As for the often baffling, always rapid chase of the true auto-insurer, Pomeroy says anyone can learn the trick. "It's just covering rhythm and a pleasant voice." Equally important is the budding auto-insurer in the making of auto-apprentices of a wide variety of goods. Apprentice plus constant reminders that the auto-insurer's prime function is to drive up the price of items are staples of the Lacombe program. According to one graduate, a 20-year-old who became involved in a paper rather than a seller (learning the trade of the trade should stream the case of the course almost as quickly to one says "Goody, goody, go!"

BERNARD FERNBERG

Pomeroy (left) and Holten: sold to the man with the educated beard



The whisky a man saves for himself...and his friends.

It's a matter of taste. So we take the time to blend together 29 great, aged whiskies...into one great taste. Adams Private Stock. Suits you to a "tee".

From Thomas Adams Distillers Ltd. ...we all share about quality.

Medicine

One more small victory in the war on cancer

This year, 6,700 Canadians will learn they have lung cancer. For all but a handful, the diagnosis will be a death sentence. While many forms of cancer can be controlled or cured, most of the lung cancer patients—killing 86% within five years. Only 16% are diagnosed early enough for the accepted treatment—surgical removal of the diseased portion of the lung. Lung cancer is the leading cause of cancer deaths in men, the eighth largest in women, and the incidence of the disease has doubled in the past decade. Fretting doctors can usually offer only opiate and sympathy, early or late, lung cancer kills.

Suddenly, though, there is hope. A new treatment arrived in Toronto with the promise of vastly better chances of survival for those lung cancer victims whose tumors are operable. For those lucky few—about 700 a year in Canada—the chance of living more than five years will increase from less than 30% to about 100%. If the new technique confirms its early promise in randomized tests. "We're terribly excited about our results," says Dr. Thomas Stewart of the University of Ottawa, one of the three researchers who developed the treatment. "But we have to be so sure as well. This could be a preliminary study. We have to test it with a much larger group. Under the most favorable conditions, it couldn't be generally available before 1979."

The key element in a vaccine produced by Professor Arne Holmboe of the University of Washington, University in the District of Columbia. Using tissue samples provided by the Ottawa researchers and selected to match as closely as possible the type of cancerous cell in the patient's tumor, the vaccine individualized vaccines for each patient, then arranged to have them heat-treated back to Ottawa by family friends. American pilots. During the three years of the study, 26 patients received the special vaccine. All were still alive. In a comparable control group of 25 patients given conventional treatment, there have been six deaths, and tumors have recurred in two others.

The treatment works by mobilizing the body's defense mechanism to attack the cancerous cells. After surgery, chemotherapy, a potent anti-cancer drug is injected to stimulate the patient's immunity system, a few days later the new vaccine is given to "train" the immunity system to attack only cancerous cells. "We had to be very sure that the vaccine was safe," says Dr. Stewart. "It was difficult to prove the vaccine system to attack healthy cells. You can't go around injecting people with things that



Stewart and Hains (above), Ottawa-based (below). The treatment for lung cancer, but the only alternative is to die.



make them cough up bits of their own lungs."

The new step is to have the work of the original researchers tested and confirmed by other scientists. The treatment has been given a high priority for further testing in a Canada-wide program which will eventually involve about 300 patients. A similar testing program is being considered by U.S. officials. The Ottawa researchers also believe the same principle can be used to develop vaccines for other tumors as well, especially breast and colon cancers. So far they have found only one unpleasant side effect: an aches about the size of a quarter penny in the area where the injections are given, and persist for more than a year in some cases. "It is a very good price to pay clinically," says Dr. John Hains of Ottawa General Hospital, the third of the investigators. "It is uncomfortable and unpleasant—but it is certainly better than opening the door to infection." There's little doubt that all 26 of his patients would agree.

WILLIAM WAMPER

Religion

Has the church a place in the boardrooms of the nation?

Canada's churches are pressing ahead with their campaigns to change the attitudes and attitudes of some of the country's corporate giants currently doing business in southern Africa. Brought together by their mutual claims for apartheid, the rival religious groups of the South African government, the churches have been causing discomfort in business boardrooms, even if they haven't had much impact so far on corporate policy. An anti-apartheid task force—supported by the Anglican, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, United and Presbyterian denominations—has moved on to the top management of such firms as Alcan Aluminium Ltd. (with investments in South Africa), steel-making and smelting operations. It also includes Nickel Mines Ltd. (mining interests in Northern Rhodesia), and four chartered banks—Montreal, Toronto Dominion, Nova Scotia and Commerce—which have lent some \$20 million to the South African government and its agencies.

The churches' campaign is that the companies are giving implicit support to the white-supremacist policies of Pretoria and Salisbury when they engage in the working for and with it. The companies' general response has been that they can only obey local laws, however abhorrent, when it comes to dealing with their African employees. The task force, under co-ordination of Rev. Peter of Toronto, has adopted a two-stage approach. First, it contacts companies in which the churches hold investments and seeks top-management agreements to divest southern Africa. If the task force's demands, its members attend corporate annual meetings to challenge and raise their concerns from the floor.

Generally the corporations have been polite, but unimpressed. "It is the bank's policy that our investment activity in South Africa... supports the very economic development and rehabilitation which greatly benefit economic development," Commerce Bank chairman J. Page Wade told church politicians at the bank's 1975 annual meeting. Church intervention is viewed as unwelcome. "Although underlining with advance knowledge of corporate decisions—has upon some company officials. It has also upset other shareholders and not a few politicians. A letter from Rev. Harnegrove of Montreal, published last year's Canadian Church House, the Anglican group, suggested, "You should track to the bank, and not the boardroom... your display at the Alcan Aluminium annual meeting... (least) one and many other instances."



Pratt (above) and a South African mine worker after 14 hours digging gold for the white race in the name of God, step.



Uganda-born Mrs. Pratt, 47, who is a member of the church, is working with a group of women in the church, and is also a member of the church. She is a member of the church, and is also a member of the church. She is a member of the church, and is also a member of the church.

Generally the corporations have been polite, but unimpressed. "It is the bank's policy that our investment activity in South Africa... supports the very economic development and rehabilitation which greatly benefit economic development," Commerce Bank chairman J. Page Wade told church politicians at the bank's 1975 annual meeting. Church intervention is viewed as unwelcome. "Although underlining with advance knowledge of corporate decisions—has upon some company officials. It has also upset other shareholders and not a few politicians. A letter from Rev. Harnegrove of Montreal, published last year's Canadian Church House, the Anglican group, suggested, "You should track to the bank, and not the boardroom... your display at the Alcan Aluminium annual meeting... (least) one and many other instances."

She believes the task force has had some impact. "Because of persistent questioning from us, they have had to fundraise themselves much more with the South African situation than they otherwise would have done."

A lady of the cloth
Church workers were taking up a Lutheran altar at one end of the arena. An organist was playing when the day before four youngsters had been chasing a truck. And just up the road in Mossburn, Ontario, Pamela McGee was giving a testimonial during yet another interview "The church" she said in gentle criticism of the

Lutheran movement in endorsing the peace movement in the 1960s, "is a very basic mistake, and very frustrating." Barely an hour later, before the gathered faithful in the arena, a red slide was slipped over her about Canada and Pamela McGee became Canada's first female Lutheran pastor.

Only 29, and unmarried, McGee is a veteran political activist who married against the Vietnam war during her student days at the University of Minnesota. But while many anti-war demonstrators, the never lost her sense of proportion. "Dreading to brush their teeth in the morning because a major decision for many activists, but those from the church groups kept both their beaver and their heads." Last, together with the influence of her Lutheran parents (she was born in Alaska, where her father is a cook on an oil-rigging rig), drew her to the ministry. She took a three-month leave from her job in a kitchen when the call came from Minneapolis, site of the first Lutheran congregation in Ontario—established in 1845. When the former pastor, the Rev. Dr. James Howard, died, the church council contacted McGee. "We don't have a new set of candidates when we get to 60 I can provide aged deal of support during my months in their terribly lonely times." CARRY KILGORE



WILLIAM WAMPER

magazine) were impossible, caught the 315-strong editorial staff of the *Star* by surprise. The arrival of Brooks provoked initial astonishment, quickly followed by outrage and then by acceptance of the glibly humorous, familiar to most newsmen, where no man are held in hearty of unreasonable contempt.

Belwell had been hired by the *Star* (publication 466,632 Monday to Friday, 1973) Sunday from *Time* City press sign to develop a weekly magazine. It never got off the ground, but his aggressiveness and news ability impressed the *Star* brass and he was appointed managing editor in March 1974. Indeed, *Star* journalists doubt the idea of his leaving. But Belwell made his mark on the newspaper many before to hope the traditional game of musical chairs in the managing editor's office was over. But Belwell was unconcerned behind-the-scenes, diffident with *Star* producers and publisher Nelson H. Haendrich, a man with intense interest in every word his paper prints. "I'm," he has often known him from the inside that appear on a daily blizzard of memos, in a stern taskmaster mood, deep in the ink than the one. Said Belwell, who looks with the *Star* as a young man. "The *Star* is an unmanageable wild. Haendrich is a publisher, unless one is prepared to become part of the problem and not just of the solution. Said Belwell, who looks with the *Star* as a young man. "The *Star* is an unmanageable wild. Haendrich is a publisher, unless one is prepared to become part of the problem and not just of the solution."

Belwell said he resigned because his job duties were "too broad," observed a *Star* spokeswoman who says Haendrich was not alienating his position. Haendrich is also in chief. Martin Goodman has never been reticent about telling their editors what to do and Belwell complained of "unpleasant" orders. "I don't want the newsroom," Haendrich pressed engineers on the situation along to Goodman who is now refused to discuss the reasons for Belwell's resignation. Goodman scoffed at Belwell's comment that the paper is "unmanageable." "I managed it myself for four years."

Brooks's last news job was as city editor of the *Houston Chronicle* which he left in 1967 for the greater postures of Ford. He left as an editorial writer at "Executive Managing Editor" (the title, Goodman said, was expanded to reflect the growing complexity of the job) when he let slip that he had been tapped to succeed Belwell when he was of Belwell's resignation. The decision, a major decision, *Star* editors many of whom had been swayed by Goodman to discuss the succession during the week that elapsed between the resignation announcement and Brooks's appointment. The hard-bitten editors were no less amazed by Brooks's acceptance that the young daughter always liked to see him come home from work "with a smile on his face."

MANUEL ROYCE

Travel

There goes the neighborhood

When Luis Echeverria Alvarez steps down later this year to make way for a new Mexican president he will do so knowing he left his promise to bring economic development to the 400-mile Baja Peninsula—sometimes known as the California peninsula. He's leaving behind the island resort towns Acapulco to Manzanillo are seasonally overcrowded—partly because of white-fleeed Canadians in search of sun. In fact, 1970 projections are showing about 1.5 million tourists a year to the resort 200,000 Canadian tourists. To relieve the crush, Echeverria sent hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign development grants.

The backbone of the development has been Carrizma Numero Uno, an 850-mile, all-weather, paved highway that snakes south for 1,000 miles from Tijuana at the U.S. border to Cabo San Lucas at the end of the bay. While the pavement has dispelled the shadows of 5,000-foot mountains, endless desert and nearly deserted beaches, the new government-owned Pemex gas stations have eliminated the need for cramped fuel calculations and engine gas lines and water. In addition, new government-owned El Presidente hotels have been completed and five more are under construction along the highway. Originally, the hotels charged \$25 a night, but have reduced their rates to less than \$20 so as not to defeat their purpose—bring comfortable Canadian and American groups to the rough paradise the tourists discovered in 1970.

The tourists know a good thing when they see it. The small town of Miraflores, by one of the largest freshwater springs and resort towns in the peninsula, grounds the Bahia de La Compuerta, a bay with 20 miles of sparkling beaches and teeming with some of the world's best table fish. Almost still being dug the site at nearby La Serenidad, a longtime resort for well-heeled clientele. But the new highway has also catered to the beach and supermarket for the tourist.

when now arriving in cars and busses. The difference between Mexican and foreign motorists is obvious: the former group—pay more in tolls and taxes.

A 135-foot sky-high eagle sculpture on the 25th terrace, overlooking the island town of San Jose and Baja Norte, the two states of the peninsula. The nearby town of Guerrero Negro (Black Warrior) boasts full employment and a prosperity rare in Mexico—both provided by the world's largest convention and plant—a hopeful example of what could happen to all the places if the federal government were successful.

Locally, as a sheltered lagoon only seven miles away, one of the finest potential attractions in the world has been developed. Some 10,000 grey whales and the longest migration on earth here to give birth to 3,000-pound calves. Visited with these leviathans from the old oil dock, but there has been an attempt to run regular tours on the water, the entrepreneurship that usually sits low development has yet to arrive. But thanks to the road and a new international airport, the pan-american El Presidente in La Paz is thriving. "These guests are a more exotic ball between the Atlantic," says one official pointing to the banking lobby. "We have 20,000 miles of coastline, much of it unexplored beachfront by 15 degrees north. With the federal money, we can't miss." Already, they serve in the mainland has been stepped up. Five holiday homes are planned along with a dozen smaller resorts, and the problem of insufficient water will be overcome by 25 new desalination plants. Says a happily named Canadian hotelier here in Vancouver: "It's a paradise without the crowds." The Mexican government has been a full price the crowd a year around the corner.

ROSE ALLEN

Map in World Book, 1974, El Paso, Texas

Environment

Asbestos in order to save the town, they may have to destroy it

The town clerk of Asbestos, Quebec, is a solidifying light former policeman as well. Yves Hamel whorled like to put the finger on the nail of the past. But when he began "All I know for sure," says Hamel.

"In that the most made this town, and that is the fact that we'll see day after day it." The town's most recent and greatest loss is on the beach and the tip of what Canada's Atom-Mineral Co. Ltd. used to call the "legendary asbestos" (the world's "first world") and now, as these days of gold-diggers, calls the biggest outside. Anyway, it's big—about a fifth of a mile deep and more than a mile across. Great loads heavy with asbestos-bearing sand wind up its terraced sides to huge mounds laid last year separated and separated 500,000 tons of this odd fibrous metal, which has increased sharply in value in the past few years.

Nothing small or ordinary seems to happen to Asbestos, located 180 miles east of Montreal. When the town had a strike in 1969 it was a bitter, four-month-long affair that marked a turning point in Quebec's history. There have been landslides where lots of Asbestos buildings and all have slid into the mine. There are the winds that sweep up the lovely valley of the Novalie River and blow it and dirt into the houses. There are the quartzite blasts that sweep up the buildings and all have slid into the mine. There are the winds that sweep up the lovely valley of the Novalie River and blow it and dirt into the houses. There are the quartzite blasts that sweep up the buildings and all have slid into the mine. There are the winds that sweep up the lovely valley of the Novalie River and blow it and dirt into the houses. There are the quartzite blasts that sweep up the buildings and all have slid into the mine.

Atom-Mineral is far from being the worst employer in Quebec, but hundreds of its workers, their wives reduced to a handful where and their school days over, have become folk from the effects of asbestos. Then, last year, came the town's five-year development plan. Since asbestos was first discovered on Charlie Wilson's farm 100 years ago, the town has expanded constantly in the search for more land, outside Yves Hamel's door is a map of a phantom city that once lay over the present boundaries of the big hole. This time the people and officials of Asbestos wanted a look at the company's expansion plans and how time it's very hard to say. By 1990, Atom-Mineral says it must buy and destroy one-fifth of the town and fully one-half of the downtown area. Four blocks, new churches (but that cost \$600,000 to put up less than 20 years ago), the two best restaurants, the Casino, two hotels, the liquor store, the community center, the union headquarters, a floral home and much of the town's low-priced housing must go.

"At least we're happy that we know



Asbestos—now what's left of it—will Hamel (below) the company clerk, and when necessary the company clerk with every



about it," says Yves Hamel. "Before that didn't happen. People can make their own." Hamel says the company has bought programs for tens of millions of dollars over the years and figures its expansion plans and how time it's very hard to say. By 1990, Atom-Mineral says it must buy and destroy one-fifth of the town and fully one-half of the downtown area. Four blocks, new churches (but that cost \$600,000 to put up less than 20 years ago), the two best restaurants, the Casino, two hotels, the liquor store, the community center, the union headquarters, a floral home and much of the town's low-priced housing must go.

Fernand Therrien, owner of Asbestos' biggest furniture and appliance store, doesn't know if it is up to building another. He built his new three-story building and demolition in 1970, after more expansion forced him to move. Henry Beaudet, owner of the bicycle and sports shop he runs "When I moved in a while ago I was told I would be safe for years. That was my plan to live in town and I can feel." Other businessmen and households have other complaints. They can't find their apartments because they're too close to the mine operations. They want to get paid now, not four years from now, if the buildings they're in go up. "They can't build one more day of the dirt or the noise."

The strange thing is, though neither company nor town is legally free and clear to expel people from Asbestos, no one ever says so. Company spokesman Mario-André Gosselin can think of only one man who wouldn't sell, and he left on the road anyway. Roger Fréchette, once a mine worker and now an alderman, says there's no asbestos. "If there was signs looking for asbestos, 2,000 people sleep working. It is a perfect and quiet disease." "We can work to make conditions better. But we must accept it." Fréchette doesn't think more development will stop because the company knows there is asbestos in the pit at the 1,250-foot level, 400 feet below street digging. "My house will be the next plan for sale," says Fréchette. "The mine will get bigger and bigger and one day there will be nothing left. The town of Asbestos will disappear."

GLENN ALLEN

Films

The decline and fall of practically everybody — except, perhaps, Brando

MISCHKIN BRINGS
Directed by Arthur Penn
Last year Director Arthur Penn (*Bonnie And Clyde*, writer Thomas McGuane [*America* *Deliver* and *9½ Weeks*]) and their chosen stars, Jack Nicholson and Marlon Brando, gathered near Billings, Montana, to make a Western. Judging by the artists' résumés, of *Mission: Breaker's* destiny to picture how the meeting went, Brando, his imagination already free-lancing the script, suggests a scene which he believes in, and gives it a career — no, they don't a career, lip to famous upper lip. Also, would it be okay if he played the heroines? Arthur Penn, already busy counting up the different ways

people will be killed on screen (shown stuck in the eye, making love in the nest house), distractedly agrees. McGuane is making paper dolls out of the original screenplay, when a studio boss interrupts and says "Try to keep it tight, boys!" Jack Nicholson flexes his old lion dollar grin, he is going to skate through this one.

The film that revealed roles off and differently in all directions. The movie came to suit about Nicholson, the leader of a few horse-riding outlaws, or about Brando, the man who is out to kill him. A professional rancher and "local God" of his kind goes to court from town after the breaks

Brando and Nicholson, lost on the back



of the *Mission* (but imposing Brando to eliminate the outlaws. What the audience and Brando don't know is that the outlaws have bought the ranchman's door as a relay station. For their stolen horses and that Nicholson posing as a rancher, is dealing with the boss man's daughter.

Some episodes have confused charm, such as when the daughter rides over to seduce Nicholson. This makes a young woman played with naïveté by newcomer Kathleen Lloyd tries to get her neighbor into bed with a fatherly glow that makes the movie seem promising as a romance. But then this is the rest of the original, a second story and the scene reverts to formula. The daughter discovers one girl's taste and Nicholson recognizes his manly composure. Faced with this type of indecision throughout *Mission Breaker* all we can do is admire Michael Lasker's atmospheric photography and watch Brando as the portrait of a playful, mischievous and psychopath who shoots people without giving them time, using a long-range rifle, goes too far, of course, but in such a weak-minded movie as *Mission Breaker* his only power for strength. Clinging through the movie, debauched in a sexual culture, he is like a free-wild man, the Indian spent that's pranks and finally by terms that Brando's calculated intimacy at least is interesting. The other on screen come only faintly to life, where Brando is wild blooded, the others are mostly bloodless.

What were we to? Why are we so far from left, revealing their dreams and doing actors' and tricks? One reason is the script. McGuane is a first-rate writer, but his sensibility has nothing to do with some of the *Three Stooges* comedy that found its way into the film. The main problem is Penn's direction, which only comes to life when someone is about to be killed. There are four or five movies in *Mission Breaker* and Penn doesn't seem to have any idea how to lead these into one.

MARK JACOBSON

Stepped in the wrong direction

THE B. I. E. S. R.
Directed by George Cukor
The *Mission* marks the first time that America and the Soviet Union have collaborated on a major motion picture. After a draw-out, troubled production, much of it spent in cultural criticism on locations in Russia, the result is a film that is as hybrid through and through and looms as a dignified clock. The film brings together a Hollywood cast and two venerable classics: the 75-year-old director George Cukor (of



My Fair Lady (left) and Mame (center) and Mame (right) in the film (left) and Mame (center) and Mame (right) in the film

My Fair Lady (left) and Mame (center) and Mame (right) in the film (left) and Mame (center) and Mame (right) in the film. The film is a comedy about a pair of children who pursue the bluest of happiness in order to get the gift of a small, not good. Along the way, on a journey through various whimsical and charming allegorical episodes, they are accompanied by the charming presence of a light-played by Elizabeth Taylor looking like a disheveled child and such friendly figures as Brad Pitt, Sugar (who is good in every man) and Faye, all clad

in pastel suits and eye-glasses. Their further fate takes them to see their dead grandfathers, through the swirling lead of Night and into the glowing world of London, finally return home and find the *Mission* in their own backyard.

Some magic does make it on way through, because *Mission Breaker* is not some old-fashioned, charming and the children in the film (Patty Kneel and

Todd Lookinsell) are wonderful performers. But like the featherless chicken that America has just created, the *Mission* is a strange and quiet bird. It's a movie game sublimely taken—the *Great Quest* staged in an Ice Capades show. The film wastes a bulging cage of Russian and American actors, drawn from the *Knockout* Company, to *Great Quest* from the show playing the grandfather. And Cukor in the role of Lenny, Cissy Tyson as Cat and Jane Fonda as Night, in a group that suggests a homestead once more. Some of the actors (Fonda is one) tend to make themselves believe but are not believed by, among other things, the children's escape of animal spirits and friendly objects which looks like a backup band for David Bowie, artificial to a film's machine and abandoned there. Even the Russian scenes are topped up by a combination of hysterical makeup and gross lighting. And the costumes! The figure playing Sugar is garbed like a lady's man. Mame like a seduced dancer and the *Mission* like a person with steadily blue-eye jobs. When Father Time seems singing "You're on the back of fate" to a sea of babies in blue to go (playing school children), it's like Mame and Faye, together in their *Mission* scene. Part III.

Faye takes night to greet everyone as how or so of homely childhood—on the grown-up absurdity.

MARK JACOBSON

CINZANO

Cinzano - the world's favourite vermouth.
Enjoy sweetened from Italy dry white from France or half and half. Straight or on the rocks.
With a twist or without. Have a drink with the rest of the world.

Books

Why were they in Vietnam? It all started with LBJ's grandmother. . .

LYNDON JOHNSON & THE AMERICAN
DREAM by David Keene
(Vintage & Whitman, \$14.95)

David Keene may have thought it a waste of his prodigious to share his life and his publisher's war-time chaos. But in 1970 Keene was a Harvard academic search of some "Basic Books" for his work as a publisher after a good book. The two met at a party in Cambridge and by evening's end Keene was all set to write a biography of Lyndon Johnson for a \$20,000 advance and the prospect of a manuscript to present to her faculty peers. Keene, known to intimates as "Jim" or

plain Anne with eyes" on account of her weaselly looks, had never written a book before but had glimpsed celebrity status in 1967 when she published an anti-war, anti-LBJ article in the New Republic. At the time she was a White House Fellow (one of a group of young people selected to work with senior government people) and had met her as a White House party. Paria, a secret, work out for Keene because in spite of the article she was seen as at Johnson's office. When he left Washington she followed him to the banks of the Potomac to help with his memoirs.

By 1975 Keene had completed her own

man. Late in 1975 the Harvard Professor of Government named Richard Goodwin

Now read on. *Lyndon Johnson & The American Dream* is billed as a "psycho-history" of the President. Psycho-history is much more sensible than predicting the future from the entrails of dead animals and just about as reliable. The Keene biography leans heavily on this technique of explaining history by applied psychology. "As a child," writes Keene, "Johnson had a persistent fear of becoming paralyzed and sitting forever like his grandmother. But recurrent dreams are generally a statement of profound psychological problems far beyond the reach of daily events. Seen in this light, the boy's paralysis presents one solution to the fear of sitting out the forbidden Oedipal wish to eliminate the father and take the mother." And so it goes, as Vietnam would say. Later on we are told these fears "played virtually every step of his political rise" and that they prefigured many of Johnson's political actions.

Randall will absolve Keene from charges that her speech-writer husband assigned her beyond the call of duty. Goodwin would have given her writing the punch (and humor) missing from Keene's current, academic prose. What goes quickly to this book are the witless ramblings of an uneducated, uneducated LBJ. "How the hell can that empty guy be a hero to you?" Johnson asked Keene after watching Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*. "If that's an example of what you want, like in your generation that we're all in big trouble. All they did was to yell and scream at each other before getting to the altar. Then after it was over they sat on the bed like dumb muzz and absolutely nothing to say to one another." The publicist cut one eye on relevance and Monte Rothberg, kept such outbursts from his own autobiography.

Keene makes excellent use of left-confusion with a young member of the Eisenhower-staffed money. These 500+ in a manuscript in her bedroom, Keene is a close and literal bed "poking the sheets up to his neck looking like a cold and frightened child" paid off. Between the Freudian chatter is a memorable portrait of a President who never understood why his country regarded him. "How is it possible," he asked Keene, "that all these people could be so ungrateful to me after I had given them so much?" To read to make it possible for every child of every color to grow up in a nice house, to eat a solid breakfast,



Johnson, flanked by Robert Humphrey and speech-writer John McConrack and with Keene (left), set a new theme for

manuscript on the so-called political strategist and speech writer Richard Goodwin as a future Goodwin, who had worked for Johnson, McCarthy and two Kennedys, had a reputation for being "treble." Gore Vidal wistfully described him as "an idiot in search of an Othello." In Keene's final dedication, she resigned on his condition with Basic Books and signed a \$50,000 contract with another publisher for a book she and Goodwin would write on LBJ. Legal suits proliferated and sparked *The Sentinel* of New York's Literary Set. Finally Goodwin backed out of the collaboration on crying foul over "public issues" (ridiculous because it reflects extreme prejudices—but she is a vulnerable, otherwise it is not), who has been misquoting by some magazines, dominating mass. Harper & Row (parent company of Basic Books) took over the manuscript and Keene got more and her



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If Ottawa was playing its usual game, it should never have made Berger the umpire

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The scene in the movie depicts a rugged coastal town, then open to the north, jacked sound richly over his arm. He has a solemn, dignified voice. Later another shot catches him energetically playing basketball under the midnight sun with natives of the Northwest Territories. This is not a movie, in spite of the opening, showing Charlton Heston as George Armstrong Custer. It is the short film that opens the Mackenzie Valley pipeline inquiry hearings currently making their way through the major Canadian cities, and the star is his Technician 4 story, a new, other than Mr. Justice Thomas R. Berger of the ex-Supreme Court. My Mackenzie King review in his domain.

The thought of the head of a Canadian public inquiry manning it in his own movie—before he has even heard in his report—is something that obnoxious the traditionalists who normally think of such bodies as sanctuaries in mild and suburbanist climates that make their conclusions obvious before they are buried in some government's paperwork. The Canadian pipeline has been turned on the well-loved stilling tactics of the royal commission and the public inquiry. The Rowell-Sossin commission defined the genre when it started in 1937 and had its first four decades of political science professors applied with arguments over federal-provincial taxing powers. The Hall commission on health reform allowed Ottawa to delay for a few more years the inevitability of medicare. In the 1970s the La Duane commission flowed through its hearings, the steady parents who were worried about their kids had taken up just as their own. Whether would the Liberal Party, which has a better history than any other, have done down through the years without this latest wilderness of public opinion?

Tom Berger, he of the own husband suing and the pilgrimage face is setting out to change all this. He is grasping public opinion by the throat while in the very process of his own inquiry. He is the most visible investigator since Elton Ross. "There is a much wider in Old Crow as there is in Ottawa," I think, the judge-juries in his movie except. He may know what he's talking about, since he has an interview before he was leader of the pro-Berger faction. Ottawa may raise its eyebrows over his unorthodox high profile but Ottawa is going to find a very difficult to pigeonhole this report when it arrives.

The Berger factor—to stir up public opinion and interest in the dilemma of whether energy-hungry northern Canada

should be allowed to encourage the flow of the North—was this idea? Most obvious is his good relations with the press. The Berger staff—lawyers and scribes—obviously enjoy and understand the press, a phenomenon that just-day reporters, accustomed to dealing with the small myopic bureaucrats and devoted politicians find most frustrating. Brian Cooper, a per former researcher from Time is based in Yellowknife and keeps phone lines humming to key people in newspapers and magazines across the country. Ian Irving, a Toronto writer, was commissioned with inquiry funds to make the introductory film. A National Film Board crew has been following the judge through the North for



months of the hearings, hearings. There is also the convenient fact that a 43-year-old judge is young enough to be able to laugh with the awkward press and share a beer. Sometimes in the makeshift arrangements at a remote village, Berger staff and press must break down on the floor of the same job. "You know," says reporter Nancy Cooper, "the judge even moves judiciously."

The second factor is the rather unusual act of a commissioner, during the term of his inquiry, making speeches. It was a low-key look for the first time—the gold standard the Swabers. After the last run of the 1970s in Calgary last September (he did not put the pipeline companies and their environmental studies to prevent the people and their environment because the companies "have an interest in seeing that the pipeline is built"). In November it was the Association of Canadian Community Colleges in Vancouver ("Maybe we have

it last began to realize we have something to learn from the faces of people who have managed to live for centuries in the North, people who never did seek to change the environment, but, rather, to live in harmony with it"). Then there was the Curry Institute at Queen's University ("Yet the question persists: Should the character of the North be determined by the South?"). Last month there was a speech to a men's Canadian Club (the question is whether Canadians are simply driven by technology and wasteful consumption to deplete energy resources wherever and whenever they are found).

Most surprising to the beleaguered press on their midnight screen was Mr. Justice Berger submitting to the probing of Peter Gosselin on the eve's point of a late-night talk show. A government inquiry in an in someone's delight? Berger, gravely discussing ecology and land claims in the milieu of a philosophy lecture and singer J.P. Morgan planning that she is "reluctant" because making love is a work of art and "I've never seen any look like this." There's a great danger here the public might get interested in his subject.

The final factor is that Berger is in a race with the National Energy Board for public opinion. He is quick to emphasize that his decision on the pipeline will come down soberly—after it studies Berger's report and that of the rest. The trouble when a court decision unfrosted Marshall Gosselin as inquiry chairman due to his previous involvement with Canadian Atomic Gas—one of the pipeline opponents—has set the web hearings back and Berger may have his report on Ottawa's desk by Christmas.

Canadian interest in the pipeline is not new, but the tactics of Berger, who as Mr. Justice Binnie has changed the North's perceptions of itself by the way in which he conducted the inquiry. The process, of course, is American in time. There is the feeling of man who have made their reputation by their publicly articulated inquiries—the Kelman committee, the Evans committee, Berger, whose next step, some think, will be as the youngest member of the Supreme Court of Canada, has raised Canada's consciousness on the status of the North.

On the grounds he recalled that F.R. Scott once described the North as an arena large as Europe and small as the corner of a room. The contest has begun. With a very visible effort.



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